JANUARY, 1925

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VOLUME 6

# The Grail

NUMBER 9



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI-VAN DER WEYDEN

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

40% DF

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St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

#### DONATIONS FOR POOR STUDENTS

We have opened four Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Burse of \$5,000 is a perpetual fund, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. The capital always remains intact. When one student has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

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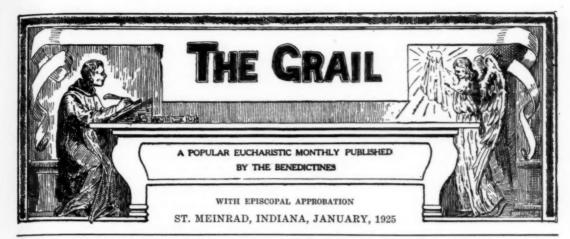
#### OBITUARY

Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Indiana; Rev. Ignatius Kershevich, Springfield, Illinois; Sr. M. Bernarda, O. S. B., Arkansas; Mr. Karl Brenner, Chicago; Mr. James Meehan, Chicago.

# Europe During The Holy Year 1925

Twenty-five of the leading Catholic gentlemen and ladies, who are sponsoring a grand tour of Rome and Europe in April, 1925, extend an invitation to all Catholics as well as others to visit Rome and Europe during Holy Year 1925. This is expected to be the largest party of Americans that has ever left America in one body to visit the Holy Father and see Rome and Europe.

The choice of three steamship lines to Cherbourg is offered: the U. S. Line with the largest ocean steamship in the world of one Cabin Class; the North German Lloyd, these both from New York and the Canadian Pacific Steamship from either St. John's or Montreal. The trip is 101 days, personally conducted. All inclusive rate, limited as to numbers, and is the lowest priced first class trip that has ever been offered the American public in the history of ocean travel. For further particulars write the manager, Frank A. Gross, 653 Bramson Building, Buffalo, N. Y.



Official Organ of the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom

## Church Unity Octave

The Church Unity Octave is observed every year from the feast of St. Peter's Chair, Jan. 18, to the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, Jan. 25. The Church Unity movement was approved and blessed by the late Pope Pius X in 1910. By a Papal Brief, dated Feb. 25, 1916, His Holiness Benedict XV extended the Church Unity Octave to the Universal Church and enriched it with indulgences. A Plenary Indulgence is granted to every one of the faithful who on the first or the last day of the Octave shall receive Holy Communion under the usual conditions. Moreover, an indulgence of 200 hundred days may be gained on each day of the Octave by those who recite the following prayer:

PRAYER TO BE RECITED DAILY DURING THE OCTAVE

ANTIPHON. That they all may be One, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. (St. John 17:21.)

- V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;
- R. And upon this Rock I will build My Church.

#### LET US PRAY

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostle; Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that Peace and Unity which are agreeable to Thy Will Who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

N. B. It is also recommended that one decade of the Rosary (at least) be said for the particular intention of each day; also that Holy Communion be received, daily if possible, certainly on the First or Last Day of the Octave in order to obtain the Plenary Indulgence.

#### THE DAILY INTENTIONS

Jan. 18. Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. The return of all the "Other Sheep" to the one Fold of Peter, the One Shepherd.

Jan. 19. The return of all Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See.

Jan. 20. The Repairing of the 16th Century Breach between England and Rome.

Jan. 21. That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way "Back to Holy Church."

Jan. 22. That all Christians in America may become one in communion with the Chair of Peter.

Jan. 23. The return to the Sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

Jan. 24. The conversion of the Jews.

Jan. 25. Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. The Missionary conquest of the entire world for Christ.

#### A FEW SUGGESTIONS

1. Pray especially during the Octave that with the return of peace to the nations Catholic Unity may triumph over heresy and schism.

Resolve to do more for Foreign Missions and make an offering to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

3. Do a little fasting or perform some penance, (e.g., making the Stations of the Cross,) in reparation for the sins of Christians, which have so much hindered the extension of the Kingdom of God.

 Consecrate yourself, your time, talent, substance, and opportunity to the all important work of saving souls.

Resolve to watch, work, and pray every day and at all times for the conversion of your non-Catholic neighbors.

The Church Unity Octave should have a special appeal for members of the International Eucharistic League, for the intention of both is the union of all men under the standard of Christ in the bonds of a united Christianity. To attain this unity for which the Savior prayed—that all may be one—the League, beginning at home, where well-ordered charity should begin, endeavors by prayer and other good works (1)

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to bring about harmony among the Catholics of the whole world, (2) to bring back to the unity of the Faith all non-Catholic Christians who have strayed away, and (3) to bring all non-Christians—Jews, Mohammedans, pagans, to the knowledge of Christ and make them all one with us. All that the League asks of its members, to help acomplish this noble purpose, is (1) a short offering each day of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world (and this may be done in one's own words), (2) an occasional Holy Communion received and Holy Mass attended for this purpose. The editor of The Grail will be glad to enrol you in the League.

## The Adoration of the Magi

The illustration that appears on the front cover of THE GRAIL for January is a masterpiece from the Middle Ages, which was painted before Columbus ever set sail for America. The painter was Rogier Van der Weyden, who was born in the Belgian City of Tournai about 1399 or 1400. Death overtook him at Brussels in 1464. The original painting is in Berlin. The subject is the visit of the Magi, the three Wise Men, or the three Holy Kings, to the Christ Child. Guided by a wonderful star, they came with their gifts of purest gold, sweetest frankincense from Arabia, and myrrh. The Church has perpetuated in her liturgy this visit of the Magi by instituting the feast of Epiphany, the Greek for manifestation, for on this day Christ first manifested Himself to the whole world. This feast, which ranks with that of Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, as a double of the first-class with privileged octave, is sometimes called Little Christmas. The day fixed for its celebration is January 6th. The faithful, led by the illuminating star of divine grace, should imitate the Wise Men from the East by going in search of Jesus and, prostrate at His sacred feet, offering Him the gold of perfect love, the frankincense of fervent, persevering prayer, and the myrrh of a mortified spirit which seeks to conquer self by control of the will, the passions, and the senses.

#### The Lord's Share

Among the most popular methods of the present day for raising money to pay off interest, or liquidate debts, on church property is to hold bazaars, fairs, picnics, or to employ similar schemes for the purpose, and not infrequently to the scandal of our neighbor. If, as in days of old, tithes were given, the Church would not need to go a-begging. A happy solution of this difficulty, we think, at least where it can be carried out, provided, of course, "Barkis is willin'," has been put into practice by the Methodists of Plainfield, Kansas, if report be true. Last autumn they planted 160 acres of wheat, which yielded 3,261 bushels. Of this amount the church received as its share two-thirds of the crop. After all expenses had been paid, the church realized \$1,383.97. The labor required for producing these

splendid results was given free by the members of the congregation.

A similar plan is said to have been tried out last year by the Baptist minister of Bluffton, Georgia, who induced seven planters to plant, cultivate, and harvest one acre each of cotton on their farms for church purposes. The acre thus set aside was called the Lord's acre. Although the boll weevil was at its worst that year, it is said that the Lord's acre was unharmed by the pest. This year one hundred other churches in Georgia are reported to have taken up the Lord's-acre idea.

Since writing the above we have learned of a novel plan that built a Catholic church in the rice districts of Louisiana. A meeting was held by the congregation one Sunday after Mass for the purpose of discussing a workable plan. Finally, each farmer agreed to donate the generous sum of five cents on every sack of rice (three bushels to the sack) that his fields should produce the following year. That year an enormous crop was harvested. A large frame church was erected, and after it had been given two coats of paint, a large painting made and hung over the high altar, and all paid for, there was still money in the treasury. The Lord will not be outdone in generosity. Try it and see for yourself.

## Soul-Saving Salve

Save souls with salve! This is a new slogan for the missionary, a new feature in mission work. Salve that draws even souls, that penetrates to the very heart of the pagan, seems quite incredible. Yet, we are assured by a nurse in the Province of Hupeh, China, that this is a fact. Writing under date of October 26, 1924, she says that it is impossible for us here in America to form any idea of how afflicted the Chinese are with boils, carbuncles, and other sores on their fingers and legs. By the application of salve, of which she had taken an abundance with her to the mission field last spring, she effected the physical cure of many, who were then willing to have the spiritual darkness of their souls treated too. Because of the fame of the painless remedy employed, they came even from a neighboring district where the Protestants have an up-to-date hospital. "Rose Salve," she says, "is a great help in saving immortal souls." If you contemplate going to the mission field in China, or to some other distant part of the globe, you might do well to put into your mission kit a supply of the salve that helps this nurse to draw souls to God. If you can help the wretched body in its afflictions, you will gain the confidence of those that you benefit and thus prepare the "ground" for the saving of immortal souls.

# A Catholic Tour to Europe

If you are contemplating a trip to Europe during 1925, the Holy Year, you would confer a special favor on us by making your application through THE GRAIL.

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The Gross Travel Bureau, of Buffalo, N. Y., has organized a Catholic Tour which will sail from New York in three sections on April 14, 15, and 16 respectively. The travelers on this tour will, we are assured, be given an opportunity to gain at Rome the indulgences of the Jubilee; they will also have a private audience with the Holy Father. Let us help you to share in the advantages of this Catholic Tour.

## TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

#### Two Roads

It is commonly said that the road to hell is paved with good resolutions. So also is the road to heaven. But the stones paving the road to hell are cracked and broken; the stones on the road to heaven are not broken, or, if once they have been, they are now repaired.

#### The Future of the World

The future of the world depends on our children. But if that is the case, the future of the world depends en us; for our children will be what we now make them; and what our children will be, the world will be.

This is a grave thought. It makes the burden of our responsibility more real and more weighty.

But why should the future of our children depend on us? Look into the eyes of a child and you will have the answer. Those eyes are the windows of the soul. Through them we see in that soul all manner of future capabilities and powers for good, for bad, for great achievements, and for ignoble wrongdoing.

From its lowliness the child looks up to us. Those eyes speak more eloquently than any words: "Guide me, guide me! Here I am at the parting of the ways. You have been over them; tell me which direction to take."

Oh, what pathos there is in that childish appeal! How it ought to touch our hearts! Little wonder that the merciful Heart of Jesus was so quick to respond: "Suffer little children to come to Me."

#### Robbed

Yes, they are being robbed. These innocent children are not permitted to come to Jesus. They are kept far from Him in the cold exile of irreligious education. The tangled paths of the future appear a puzzle to them. They are left to drift, guided by rising passion and evil example, on to the by-ways of life and thence to the broad way of perdition.

#### Our Own

But do not our children get religious training? True; yet that training demands special care and attention,

individual attention to each child. And if there is any one thing to which we should give all care, it is the training of the child to self-restraint.

For the child to be "good" while he is watched is not sufficient. To be able to exact obedience only through motives of fear of punishment or hope of trifling reward, is not to be training the child properly. The day will come for that child when he will no longer have the parental eye upon him,—no eye, in fact, but the eye of God. Then temptation will come; he will be free to resist or to sin. What will enable him to resist but the grace of God and habits of self-conquest? And he will have these habits only from early training. If, then, we are seeing to it that the child gains a real sense of duty, that he refrains from wrong and does the right more because he knows it to be such than because he is forced to do so, then, and only then, is that child being properly trained.

Private self-restraint is of the very essence of law and order whether religious, moral, or civil. People are often puzzled over the fact that our hold-ups and murders are the work of youthful desperadoes. There is no reason at all for being puzzled. It is but natural that children, coming to maturity without having seen or heard of any self-restraint, should consider anything permitted which they can do and not get caught at. It is the same old story of the "eleventh commandment" superseding the other ten.

# Sonnets of Holy Lore--4

Dom Hugh Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.

The Agapes

Wisdom hath garlanded the drooping vines About her portals, where the marble's sheen, Mirroring sunbeams, swift incarnadines The grapes 'mid fronds and tendril trac'ry green.

Beyond—the cornfields i' the Spirit's warm breeze Whiten to harvest; when the white wings trim Brush off the pearly grain with dewdrop ease, And on the gold stalks pipe the Cherubim.

Though now the welded wheat gleams crystalline, Flows mellow from the press the ruby wine,—
Stronger than death, Wisdom commutes their being, And shrouds her queenliest self in lowly seeming.
Mild is her progress through the mind's white maze And o'er man's crimson-flooded breast she sways.

# The Dancer

Charles J. Quirk, S. J.

Up the sun sped
From the mauve, gold and red,
Cloudy sod;
In ecstatic trance,
At Heaven's entrance-stair
To dance
Its holy jocund prayer,
Before its God.

# Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

## Chapter XVII

ILL Johnson, for reasons of his own, had absented himself from Danny's trial. The outcome, however, he was quick to learn, and his satisfaction was deep if well concealed. In the chain of circumstantial evidence which he was so rapidly weaving about this hated stranger, there was only one weak link,-Miss Bowlder. And, lo, Miss Bowlder had been eliminated by Danny himself. He had not let her testify in court. At this reflection, Johnson gleefully chuckled. The question now was, would Danny's shame, or his high principle,—call it what we will,-prevent him from asking for her testimony when in his desperate trial before the Circuit Court. That trial might be held the very next day. The prosecution, urged on by the fierce enthusiasm of the majority, would be glad to secure a verdict so quick and effective as to satisfy and delight the extremists; and so far as the State was concerned there would be no difficulty about giving Danny's case an early place on the docket. It even appeared that Danny himself might wish a speedy trial. Certainly he could have had his hearing before the County Court postponed if he had not wished to have the case heard at once. Whether the finding of the County Court had sobered him and made him realize now the need of caution, Johnson could not tell. In any event it would be safer for him to have Miss Bowlder out of the way. She would be glad to go; he had arranged her bond; and now all for him to do was to run out to the Armstrongs' for her traveling bags in time for the late train. With Johnson, to resolve was to act; and so it was that, as Willie Pat sat forlorn in her room, gazing abstractedly through her window at the wan sunshine of the listless afternoon, her eyes swollen from recent tears, her countenance pale and drawn with grief, her very frame seeming sunken and bent under a weight of sorrow, she was aroused from her painful meditations by the quiet entrance of Aunt Millie, who told her Mr. Johnson was down stairs and requested to see her. With a sigh she arose and, descending the stairway, found her visitor awaiting her expectantly in the back parlor.

"Miss Willie Pat," he addressed her, arising and extending his hand respectfully, "pardon me for interrupting you again in your grief; but I think we should get Miss Bowlder away from here without delay. She has no further business hereabouts, and after her escapade of this morning her continued presence might prove embarrassing."

"I thought she was in jail," spoke Willie Pat coldly.

"She is in jail still. She will not be tried until next County Court. So I have arranged her bond, and she is free to go back to the city until that time. I think it better she should not be here any longer."

"Oh, I do, too; much better."

"I thought you would, and that is why I interested myself in her bond. I have come out now to get her traveling bags. I thought you might prefer not to see her."

"I am glad she did not come. I never wish to see her again, nor to hear of her. And I thank you for your thoughtfulness."

"It is nothing. I wish I could really do something for you. Anything. Is Colonel Mitre here?"

"No, he has not been out today. I am disappointed."

"He will be here soon, no doubt. He has been busy with that fellow, Lacey. Got him out of jail, had him to dinner, accompanied him to court, and has now gone on his bond to appear in Circuit Court. You had heard he was held over, had you?"

"No, I had heard nothing," replied Willie Pat frigidly. Her forbidding tone delighted Johnson; and, yet, why should her pulses quicken, and why after a little hesitation, did she add:

"What was the outcome of the trial?"

"Why, he is held under bond to the Circuit Court. All the evidence was against him. He was his own lawyer. He would not have Miss Bowlder testify. She might have helped him out. She certainly would if she could. Did you know that they were caught together this morning up in the loft?"

"Oh," gasped Willie Pat; and Johnson looked quickly at her with shrewd, appraising eyes; for that gasped monosyllable might have been an acknowledgment, a question, or a moan, so strange the tone in which it was uttered. Willie Pat was suffering;—of that he had evidence written upon eye and lip and cheek. As Johnson continued to look at her, he saw her whole countenance gradually changing, changing, till, with a swift rush, there at length blazed at him from flushed cheek and flashing eye such furious indignation and withering contempt as he had never before seen on woman's countenance.

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"Mr. Johnson," she spoke low and tensely, "you are not a gentleman. You should not have told me what you have told me. You don't understand the respect due a woman. You are a coward, Mr. Johnson. You are injuring cruelly that poor nurse, who is defenseless against you. And I believe you are telling lies. I don't believe such terrible things about Mr. Lacey. I don't believe them."

She passed rapidly to the door. Turning before passing out, she flung again at him in tones of withering scorn the words: "I don't believe them!"

Johnson was so utterly astounded that he sank into a seat and for several moments stared stupidly after her at the vacant doorway. Afterward he arose and would still have gone to the door to seek for Willie Pat but that very shame and humiliation kept him within. While

he was still hesitating, hiding in the back parlor, trying to decide on something to do to mend his broken plans or at least repair his shattered selfesteem, Aunt Millie brought him the nurse's bags and told him Miss Willie Pat would not see him any more. A few minutes later, therefore, Johnson could have been seen driving his big car down the avenue, but few could understand, fortunately, even if nearby to witness, the mad, deadly rage that blackened his conutenance and seethed like a volcano within his powerful frame.

As for Willie Pat, she had hastened to her room where she now paced the floor almost in

distraction, wringing her hands in her suffering, at times clenching her fists at the recollection of Johnson's words, and crying bitterly: "I hate him, oh, how I hate him!"

"I don't care," she went on, "however bad Danny is, he is not so heartless, so cruel as that Johnson, so coarse, so brutal. Every appearance is against Danny, and now they will all turn on him while he is down, and he will not have a friend. My heart cannot believe that he is all bad. Alas, my heart cannot believe what my eyes see,-what my eyes have seen.'

She threw herself upon her bed and wept bitter tears. Then confusion came over her at the thought of her own selfishness in dwelling upon her private sorrow, forgetting her brokenhearted father, forgetting her dear, lost brother, whose silent remains lay solemnly in the darkened parlor below. She arose then with

greater show of strength, and, having bathed her swollen eyes, descended the stairway and looked into the parlor where her brother lay. There alone sat Katherine Mitre. Willie Pat would not disturb her, and retired across the hall. Here was her father's room, and here she found him sitting in his arm chair. She nestled close to him, putting her arm about his neck and caressing his grey hair with her hand.

"Where is Katherine?" he asked her quietly after some moments.

"She is with Philip," replied Willie Pat soft-

"Poor child," breathed her father. Then he "What on earth has become of the Colonel? I don't understand why he has not been here."

Now, those friends who might see the Colonel at this very moment would likewise probably

> wonder why he did not go out to his old friend in his hour of affliction instead of sitting comfortably on his porch talking and smoking most amicably with that very young man who, to all appearances,-and to the general belief,-had been the cause of the Armstrongs' present grief and on-coming misfortune. For all saw calamity approaching. The State Prohibition Law contained a confiscation clause directed against those upon whose lands illicit stills were operated, whether by themselves or by others. The extremists among the prohibitionists, fortified by the presence of the "Government men" and with the indisputable evi-

dence they held, were determined to force the hands of the local authorities. These, elected on a prohibition ticket, could offer no protest and in fact would probably meet with the approval of the majority of the citizens of the county, for a strong, quick prosecution, for this majority was certainly opposed to the liquor traffic. Danny had asked an early trial, which had been set for the morrow. The case of the State against William Patrick Armstrong, the Colonel had been reliably informed, would be presented early also, possibly on Wednesday, the day following Danny's trial.

"I asked some of the fellows about the courthouse if they did not think it heartless and in wretched taste to bring confiscation proceedings on the first day after the burial of his son," the Colonel was now telling Danny, "and most

#### Strains Unheard

S. M. T., O. S. B.

'Tis said that Angels sang His birth, And well we know it's true.

But I have often wondered If Our Lady heard them too.

For she was so enraptured In the sweetness of His smile. What marvel if her ears were

To Angels' music all the while?

of them did think so. But they said they could make no objection and that there were strong forces urging the trial on."

"Well, do you think, Colonel, that the State

can win this suit?"

"Under the circumstances, I believe the State can, sir."

"In that case, Mr. Armstrong would be

ruined, would he not, Colonel?"

"Practically so. Owing to poor health and Philip's absence, he has not operated the place very successfully of late and has not much surplus, I fear. The place itself is a valuable property, however. It contains more than four hundred acres, mostly good land, with some of it very fine, with good buildings and plenty of woodland and water. Its convenience to town adds also to its value."

"You make me want to buy the place, Colo-

nel."

"It is a beautiful property."

"I wonder if Mr. Armstrong would sell."

"No one would buy the place now on account of this confiscation threat."

"That is just why I should want to buy it," declared Danny.

The Colonel turned his head and looked at Danny straight and hard.

"Do you mean, sir, that you would buy Mr. Armstrong's place in order to take the risks upon yourself and so make him safe?"

"In effect, that is what I mean, Colonel, although I do not know Mr. Armstrong at all, and my concern is not primarily for him."

"Mr. Lacey, are you considering this as a serious possibility?"

"Yes, sir, most serious. I want you to help me in it"

"I am afraid I cannot do it, sir."

"Why not, Colonel?"

"It would not be fair to you, my son, and of course Pat Armstrong would not consent to it."

"I want it done, Colonel; I want it done before Mr. Armstrong knows of his danger; I want it done before my own trial,—while I have time. So far as I am concerned, I can so use the money and even if I lose it, will still have some left;—not much, perhaps, but some. I want you to put the deal over, and I don't want my name to appear in it at all. You can put it over as my trustee, and you are the only one who can."

For a long, long time, the Colonel sat and thought, looking far out toward the blue hills that stood like faithful outposts about the little town,—looking beyond these blue hills and into space, occasionally frowning severely, anon softly smiling, and now,—yes,—with moisture glistening in his eye. There once was a girl

who had given up a brilliant match and great wealth for love of him in his comparative poverty. His daughter Katherine was that girl's daughter. And now this young man would likewise offer money on the altar of love, How could he advise against it? He would not advise against it. He turned his gaze toward Danny, and then arose and walked toward him, his hand warmly outstretched.

"I'll help you, sir," he said with dignity and with no sign of emotion but the long, steady and firm clasp of his hand, and the steady, ca-

ressing glow in his eye.

"That is fine, Colonel. I'll wire my bank without a moment's delay. You can prepare the deed and have it ready for Mr. Armstrong's signature. If you can prevail upon him to sell, the transfer may be completed tonight."

Thus urged by Danny, the Colonel gave his consent and, putting on his hat and picking up his cane, walked at once to the courthouse to make out the deed from the record in the Clerk's office, while Danny, on his errand, soon found himself nearing the railroad station, in which was the office of the telegraph company. It was nearing train time, and quite a number of people occupied the platform and the waiting rooms; but Danny, not heeding the crowd, pushed his way into the telegraph office and was already writing out his message when he was interrupted by a gushing, feminine cry:

"Why, Mr. Lacey!"
Blond, blue-eyed, doll-faced Miss Bowlder, powdered, painted and perfumed, but smiling, nevertheless, with genuine pleasure at seeing him, moved toward Danny swiftly with outstretched hand.

"I'm so glad to see you before I go! Wasn't it terrible for them to arrest us? And wasn't it awful for me to be in your cabin when those terrible men came! I'll never come back to Dunsboro again!"

Now, Danny's mind spoke for him, and there was no mistaking even the words it framed. It said: "Yes, what in hell made you come into my cabin?" But Danny's manner was ever courteous with women, and what he said aloud and with a pleasant smile, was:

"Oh, you surely will!"

"No; I'll never come back here. I should be nothing but a laughing stock. And it was all Mr. Johnson's mistake. He thought you were drunk when he saw you lying on your bed asleep this morning, and he was afraid the officers would come and catch you, and he asked me to hurry to your cabin and wake you up and warn you. He meant well, though, didn't he? Oh, I am forgetting to write my telegram! My! I can't do a thing with these kid gloves! You write it for me, Mr. Lacey."

Danny took down her dictation, which merely informed a friend at the City Hospital that she would be back that evening, and bade her goodby as she hurried out to be ready for the incoming train. Like one in a dream, he saw the train come and go and the crowds disperse, and soon, excepting for an occasional appearance of the station master, he found himself quite alone. Thus left to himself, the real loneliness of his situation was borne in upon him. He was truly a stranger in a strange land. only real friend was lying dead. The one woman who had ever awakened his love, a girl with low, sweet voice and soft grey eyes, had only scorn for him. If the Colonel stood by him with friendly disposition, there was Johnson who hated him mortally. There remained only Simkins and the jailer, one a vulgar and uncertain vagabond, the other good-hearted and kindly,not more so toward him than toward any other stranger. What was he doing here in this strangers' country? Why should he not take the next train for the city and thence return to his own friends and people? If the Colonel had not gone on his bond, he would be tempted to guit the place and let the courts find him if they cared to. But what of his telegram to his bank? Why, even that was only in preparation for another Quixotic 'stunt,' preparation for throwing his own money away for an old fellow whom he had never met, who probably would insult him as his daughter had insulted him."

"But, no," reflected Danny more honestly, "I am not doing this for the father. I am doing it for the daughter. I don't want her to lose her home. I may be a spiritless pup, to lick her hand that slaps me. Nevertheless, I am going to see this through. If there were time, I might wait; but there is no time. If the place is to be saved, it must be saved now. If I lose my money and get no thanks for my pains, I'll at least have the supreme satisfaction of having tried to do the very best I know under the circumstances. I'll see whether she knows or not. Oh, it is always Willie Pat, Willie Pat, Well, what of it?"

This question gave Danny pause. What, after all, had Willie Pat done to him? She had, after a most pleasant outing on Saturday, treated him with unmistakable, icy coldness on Sunday morning when she had met him unavoidably, and thereafter had pointedly shunned him. Why? He did not know. He could only suspect. Suspect! Why should he not find out like a man? That is what he would do at the first opportunity. Of couse he could not see her for sometime yet. The thing to do now was to find the Colonel and learn whether he had the deed ready. With this purpose in mind, he walked down the street and turned in at the

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Colonel's gate. He did not wait long, for Colonel Mitre soon appeared and showed him the results of his work in the completed deed.

"And now," added the Colonel, "perhaps I had beter go out to Pat's at once. Are you thinking of going?"

"Yes, I'll go with you. I must see Philip once

As they drove out in the Colonel's old surrey, Danny said:

"Colonel, you have never even questioned me about the whiskey found in the cabin, nor asked the truth about my connection with the still in the cave, and I have been thinking of so many things that I have not offered to tell you. The truth is, I don't know a thing about either."

truth is, I don't know a thing about either."

"I know you don't, Mr. Lacey. You are the victim of circumstances, or of some rascal's designing. Would you mind telling me the truth about yourself and Miss Bowlder? Especially how did you and she happen to be in your loft this morning? Pardon me, sir, if I become too personal. I assure you I do not ask out of idle curiosity."

"I don't know yet what brought Miss Bowlder to the cabin. I take it, and so took it from the first, to be one of her thoughtless pranks. At any rate, she came while I was asleep, and, when I awoke, she was in the loft, or disappearing into it. I called to her, not even knowing who it was, to come down. She did not obey, and I climbed up the ladder to see who it was. The officers came while I was partly through the trap, and Miss Bowlder, unquestionably alarmed, urged me, and indeed half dragged me into the loft. That is how it happened."

"And she had no knowledge of the whiskey hidden there?"

"Of that, I cannot speak with certainty. I do not believe she knew anything about it. She told me an hour ago in the telegraph office that Bill Johnson had sent her to warn me against the raid."

At this, the Colonel, appeared very thoughtful, but remained silent. Soon, the old horse turned in from force of habit at the Armstrong gate. Danny got out, saying that he had some things to do in the cabin and that he would be up at the house very shortly. The wise old Colonel, however, suggested:

"Suppose you wait here for me. I'll want to see you before you go to the house. Won't that suit you as well?"

"Surely, Colonel, I'll wait here for you. Don't be in a hurry on my account."

And the Colonel was not in a hurry. The sun had set and twilight had stolen away behind the hills, the stars were out bright and the chorus of night-sounds from creek and wood and mead-

(Continued on page 419)

# The Other Twin

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

IT is better to have a well-stored mind than a well-managed face," said Grandma Peacock severely to Miss Patrica Garry, R. N., who sat at her dresser and smeared cold cream all over a perfectly good face. "If you'd spend three hours on your mind, Patrica, and four minutes on your face, instead of three hours on your face and four minutes on your mind every day, you'd be a stunning girl."

"Dear Grandma, you are living in a glacial age. Come down from the bushes. If I do not fix up like a side show, who will notice me? I have nursed six months and I hate it. Positively. So there! Lance O'Leary said he was weak over me and—"

"Of all the talk!" exploded Grandma. "The young people today are mad clear through. You should be out at the hospital instead of here, decorating yourself. I am sure your uniform is pretty and sensible, while that green thing you call a gown is perfectly ridiculous! I never thought you'd turn out so senseless, Patrica

"Dear Grandma," said Patrica wiping off the cream and smearing on a dash of color, "I am

in love."

"You are brazen. In my youth it was not considered polite to say such a thing," reproved

"Did you love Grandpa Peacock?"

"I surely did. He was a Captain. I met him at Bull Run. I was helping care for the wounded-"

"Why, Grandma, I never knew you were a nurse!" said Patrica.

"Nurse, fiddlesticks! I was just a sensible girl, twenty-three, out helping with the neighbors. I had little sympathy for the rebels, but we couldn't let them die of neglect in our own door yards. I saw a boy trying to turn over and I went to him. He wanted-

"Where was Grandpa?" interrupted Patrica.

"He was coming across the field. He, you know, was a surgeon. He seemed to be studying something. Finally he pointed to me and said: "Come and assist me on an operation."

"Oh, it brings back the purr of the night ambulance," breathed Patrica rapturously, "the accident bell, the smell of the ether." ·

"I answered: 'I am busy. Go get someone else,' and he scowled-"

"Oh, Grandma! you must always give obe-dience to a surgeon," said Patrica piously.

"Obedience, fiddlesticks! And allow a poor southern boy to die? I kept right on with the boy. He was only eighteen. Asked me to write to his mother and sweetheart-

"Oh, Grandma! Wasn't it romantic? And

did he love her?"

"Love nothing! Said he hadn't killed half as many Yanks as he set out to, they were that numerous. His letter to her was what you folks call cocky. But he showed his heart to his mother. I wrote to her of his nights on the battlefield when he thought of her and the two little sisters, and the old brindle cow, and Shen dog. Was Shep blind yet? He was meeting his Maker as she would want him to. She was his own darling mother. God keep her. And remember him to Betty Lenton."

"Was that his sweetheart?" asked the excited Patrica.

"No indeed! The sweetheart was Mary Anderson. This Betty girl lived next door, and he told me her eyes were like twin stars," said

"How romantic," said Patrica shaking out her yellow hair. "Where does Grandpa come into the picture?"

"I forgot all about him although he was a striking looking figure with his cape, highly polished boots and little black mustache-

"I hope not a mustache," said Patrica.

"Yes. A mustache. That was the style. A week later he came to our house to ask me to cut off a man's leg-."

"Not like that, Grandma!"

"Just like that. He said: 'I want you to help me cut off a man's leg,' and of course I went with him. He was very gruff but I was sensible and knew his work made him so. After that I worked for him and I thought of him as something almost divine, because he alleviated suffering. The men loved the sound of his voice. The nurses—."

"How did he propose to you, Grandma?"

"He asked my father."

"Never!!" exclaimed Patrica.

"It was a great surprise to me," went on Grandma. "My parents were greatly pleased. There were ten of us children and in those days a girl had no choice of a profession as she has today. Either she was married or she wasn't. Well I married him-"

"Without him asking you?" asked the incredulous girl.

"He asked Father, you know. So I married him. There were no drawbacks. We were of one faith. His mother lived twenty miles from our place. We went there on our wedding trip. We drove in his buggy—"

"Grandma!"

"And his mother told me she was glad George had a sensible wife to look after him, for he did not know when to eat, bathe, or sleep; that he never thought of changing his clothes. He was all wrapped up in his work. I had a hard task ahead of me, caring for George. I had. Many a night I have sat waiting until the small hours for him to come from sick calls. Often he would be asleep in the buggy. Invariably I sent him to the house while I cared for the horse. While he slept I took his soiled clothing and placed clean in its stead. He did not notice. For seven years Patrica, I kept this up. Then Jane was born."

"Is Jane your dead baby?"

"Yes. She lived a month. Two years after Mary Irish was born and he said we must have a real home, less doctoring and more time to get acquainted. We came west. God prospered us. He had a good practice and he bought much land. We had only two children although I always wanted a house full, but God knew best."

"Why did you tell me this?" asked the pretty

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"Because Lance O'Leary is a doctor, young and poor. You will be alone much. Your life will be hard, filled with sacrifice. A doctor is to a man's body what a priest is to his soul. To aid in his efficiency you must keep worry and care from him. It is a long, hard, lonely life."

"And I want a good time, Grandma. I want a man to wait on me, take me around, buy me flowers. Theatres, dances, operas and—"

"Then do not marry a country doctor. Wait until he has made a name for himself. Meantime you can nurse and save money," advised Grandma.

"Grandma he has never even kissed me," said Patrica.

"I know it," said Grandma.

"How did you know it?" asked Patrica.

"Because you are my girl."

"Am I wicked to want so much gaiety?"

"God forbid. You are like all youth, thought-

less, expectant, longing for joy," said Grandma. Slowly, deliberately Nurse Garry washed her face in soapy water, Grandma Peacock watching her the while. Back she came to her dresser, combed her pretty yellow hair straight back in a sensible style, and coaxed one little curl at her left ear. She changed to her flat heeled shoes, uniform, slipped on her coat and hat.

"I am going back to the hospital, Grandma," she said. The old lady showed no surprise. Taking the sweet, wrinkled old face between her hands the girl kissed it. "Dear Grandma," she whispered, "the scales have fallen from my eyes."

Three days later, on her hour off, Miss Garry decided to press her prim little cap. Accordingly she adjusted the electric iron and the ironing board. With nurselike precision she unpinned her cap and ran the iron across it. The iron slipped, dropped on her foot. She waited. Waited for the pain to abate. No surcease. She could not walk.

It was a nerve injury and was slow in healing. Eight weeks she lay abed, smiling, thinking. When she walked once more it was with a perceptable limp. Grandma Peacock, knowing a young heart, asked: "Patrica, will you come to St. Ann's shrine with me? I am not as spry to travel as I once was."

Patrica's face lit up. "To St. Ann's! Oh, Grandma! She is my patron saint. I have been praying to her for my lameness to leave me. You mean way up in Canada?"

Grandma did. Dear old Grandma. The twins had not said their childish prayers at her knee for nothing. She knew their devotion to St. Ann and St. Anthony.

Six weeks later they were back in Devil's Neck. Patrica walked as well as ever.

"You can go back to the hospital now and make up for lost time," said Grandma.

"I am not going back to the hospital, dear Grandma. When I asked to be cured, before we went to St. Ann's, I did not give myself. At St. Ann's I gave myself. I am entering the Convent of Loretto in Walsenburg." "Thank God," said Grandma. And between her two wrinkled hands she took the fresh young face and kissed it.

# The Altar Lamp

Nancy Buckley

Like an ardent heart it brightly glows All through my busy day, And far across my night's repose It sends its ruby ray.

It shines, a beacon strong and sweet, Above the world's harsh din;

It guides my stumbling, wayward feet Away from paths of sin.

O little heart! O little lamp!
Alight on altar fair,
Shine on me so I'll ne'er depart
From One who dwelleth there.

# The Knocking at the Door

NANCY BUCKLEY

ARGARET Reynolds, hurrying along the snowy street, pulled her thin coat closer about her. As she listened to the laughter of the burdened shoppers, her eyes blurred and her lips tightened. Christmas Eve! Not so very long ago, she was as gay and as carefree as any of them. Now—

Margaret glanced at the big clock on Thirty-fourth Street. Almost five-thirty! At the girls' club where she lived for \$5.00 a week, supper was served promptly at six, and late-comers were out of luck. If she hurried, she would have time for her daily visit to the Sacred Heart Church.

Quickening her pace, she soon was running up the marble steps. She knelt in the last pew and sighed deeply. How peaceful it was! How comforting! And He, her best Friend, was there waiting for her! His heart was burning with love, burning as ardently as that little red lamp.

Margaret buried her face in her trembling hands. And memory rushed over her like a flood....

A little ten-year-old Margaret was playing on the wide lawns of Avonlea, about ten miles from Denton. How happy she was, rejoicing in the smiles of her mother! Five years later her mother died. The servants, including old Annie, who had been with them for years, were dismissed. Avonlea, heavily incumbered, was sold, and Margaret received only a small sum of money.

She went to live in Denton with her grandfather, Judge Reynolds, who was so stern and uncompromising, that his name had become a byword. He was a pillar of the exclusive Protestant church on the fashionable elm-lined street. And Margaret accompanied him every Sunday to service. This was one of the things on which he insisted.

"You'll go to my church, Margaret, or there'll be trouble," he declared, with many an emphatic tapping of his cane. And a wave of pity would surge over Margaret because he looked so old and pathetic, despite his sternness.

At first, church-going had been a novelty to Margaret. She had never gone at Avonlea. But all the time her heart was restless and unsatisfied and lonely. She wanted something. Just what it was, she couldn't put into words. She took up social service work. At least, busy for others, she wouldn't have so much time to think. So the years slipped by, and Margaret was twenty-one.

One day, in the poorer section of the city,

she passed a little chapel with a golden cross shining in the morning sun. She was feeling especially tired, and missing her mother so much. Something urged her to go in and rest awhile.

The chapel was very poor, but clean, and fragrant with fresh flowers. Black-shawled women were praying audibly, caressing their beads and raising imploring eyes to the altar.

Margaret sat on a rude bench. She felt strangely comforted. At home. She shuddered to think what her grandfather would say if he knew! Curiously, she picked up a prayer book near her and idly turned the pages. A little verse arrested her eyes:

Why will you do without Him?
Is He not kind indeed?
Did He not die to save you?
Is He not all you need?
Do you not want a Saviour?
Do you not want a Friend?
One who will love you faithfully,
And love you to the end?

Moved deeply, she read on:

What will you do without Him
In the long and dreary day
Of trouble and perplexity,
When you do not know the way;
And no one else can help you,
And no one guides you right,
And hope comes not with morning
And rest comes not with night?

Did she not want a friend? Her heart answered long before her lips. She looked at the little golden door on the altar. All at once she seemed to hear a voice: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden!" Tears sprang to her eyes, her heart beat rapidly. She fell on her knees.

Two months later, she was baptized in the little chapel, and old Annie was her godmother. When she told her grandfather, his face—and heart—turned to stone.

"You are a traitor to my church," he said bitterly, "I never want to see you again, dead or alive!"

And Margaret, rejoicing in her chance to prove her love for her Friend, crushed back her hasty answer and left the room. She packed her belongings and the afternoon train carried her to New York. She found work in a downtown store and her small inheritance came in very handy during a long illness.

Three years crawled by—years of brave struggle and loneliness yet years of happiness for they drew her very close to the Friend in the Tabernacle. She had never seen nor heard from her grandfather. Once in awhile, faithful Annie would write. That was all. But how she prayed for him! Always—novena after novena—ceaselessly knocking at the little gold-

When Margaret reached the girls' club, the bell was ringing for supper. Quietly she went to her place at the long table. The girls were talking like newly wound phonographs—all about presents, expecting this from home and sending that to Dad and Mother. Home! Margaret's thoughts winged to Avonlea and its happy, fleeting days. How far away they seemed, wrapped in a mist of dreams!

After supper, she went upstairs to her tiny room. She picked up a letter that had been slipped under her door. It was in old Annie's trembling writing, and began abruptly:

He's very sick, dearie. You'd better come home right away. He's not wanting you—but I prayed so hard during the Christmas novena! The Babe of Bethlehem must hear us. Take the eight o'clock train and I'll be at the station.

The letter fell unheeded from Margaret's cold hands. "He's not wanting you." The words were barbed with pain. She could hear that stern voice: "I never want to see you again, dead or alive." Her pride would have answered: "And I never want to see you again, dead or alive." With a swift prayer, she put aside the temptation and thought only with pity of the old man, sick unto death and so soon to appear before the judgment seat.

At ten o'clock she greeted old Annie at the Denton depot. They walked up to the house. "You're to stay there, dearie. I told the nurse, Miss Rogers, you were coming. You'll

nurse, Miss Rogers, you were coming. You'll see him changed, he's been failing the last year. Many's the time I've stopped him on Main Street and spoke of you, but he always silenced me. But I knew that he wanted to hear, but that hard heart of his wouldn't let him. Maybe this sickness will soften it—sometimes it's God's way—"

Miss Rogers, in a stiff, white uniform, answered Margaret's ring.

"I'll watch tonight, Miss Rogers, you need the rest," Margaret said, after listening to the account of her grandfather's condition.

"Thank you," Miss Rogers answered gratefully. "Call me if you need me. He seems stronger, but you can't tell in these heart cases."

"I will," Margaret assured her.

She went up to her own room, took off her hat and coat, and then retraced her steps to the

sick room. Opening the door very softly, she stepped over the threshold. She tiptoed to the

bed. A sob caught her throat.

How old he looked, pitiably old, one frail, white hand outflung on the coverlet, like a piece of parchment. He was breathing so very quietly, that Margaret in sudden fear, bent her head to listen. Taking a Sacred Heart badge from her pocket, she pinned it on his nightdress. Then she placed her chair close to the bed and prepared for her long vigil.

How could she ever have thought unkindly of him? But he mustn't die without baptism, he

mustn't!

Then his voice, but a half-breathed sigh—called:

"A drink, nurse."

Margaret raised him up and held the glass to his thin lips. How slight he was!

"Here it is, grandfather."

"Grandfather," he exclaimed. "Who is calling me?" He opened his eyes wide. "You are Margaret?"

"Yes, grandfather."

He fell back, panting on his pillow.

"Don't go away—I want—" His voice trailed into silence.

The clock chimed twelve. Christmas! Mar-

garet knelt by the bed and prayed:

I've nothing to give you, dear little Babe, Nothing but my poor heart. Take it, and make it like yours, meek and humble. But oh, I ask you for his soul! Give him grace and light at the end.

At two the old man awoke. He seemed stronger and his voice was clear.

"Listen, Margaret. Do you forgive me?"
"Yes, yes. Of course I do, Grandfather."
"I was cruel sending you away I we

"I was cruel—sending you away—I was blind. But I loved you, in my way—queer way it was."

"That's all right, Grandfather. I knew you loved me, but it's Christmas Day and we will be happy together."

"I wonder—if the One you found in the little chapel will forgive me? Your Friend—"

"Oh yes, yes. He is waiting—he wants you

"I don't know what to do. Help me, Margaret. I'm falling, falling—" With an effort he roused himself. "Send for the priest quickly. I feel so tired—at the end of the journey. I've made my will, Margaret. It's all yours. You and old Annie will live here. Hurry, Margaret, the priest—"

And so, Margaret's prayers were answered and the Friend, at whose heart she had knocked so ceaselessly, opened wide the doors of His

everlasting love and mercy.

# As in the Desert

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

ANY thanks, Father, for your beautiful calendar," said Mr. Donar when next he met his pastor, Father Gilbert. "You won't have to announce the feasts of the week any longer. We can now learn them ourselves."

"That was the very reason why I chose that particular gift."

"But, Father, it has already brought me face to face with a difficulty."

"None that bars a solution, I hope. What is

"Why you always tell us in your sermons that the saints received Com-

munion frequently." "Yes, isn't it true?" "Well, looking over the names of the first month, I find St. Paul the hermit mentioned. Now, if I understand what a hermit is, he lives all by himself far away from everyone else. How could

such a one receive our Lord often?"

"Since you bumped up against one such stumblingblock, why didn't you go two days further? You would have found St. Anthony who was an abbot of monks and called the Father of monks, yet he too lived thirty years as a hermit. Had you consulted a more complete catalogue of the saints of January you would have met the names of other hermits or anchorets, as Sts. Macarius of Alexandria. Nilammon of Pelusium

in Egypt, Isidore of Scete, Macarius the Elder of Egypt, Macedonius of Syria, and Henry of England; you would come across the names of other abbots who spent many years of their lives in hermitages, as Sts. Euthymius and

Apollonius.

"Father, now you aroused my curiosity all the more and are yourself to blame if I press my question anew."

"We find the first hermits in Egypt. It was there that the Holy Family lived in retirement when Herod sought the Christ Child. It was there that many holy men later on endeavored to sanctify themselves by prayer, labor, and a life totally dedicated to God and their own soul. The Nile region was peculiarly suited to such a life, for near its banks are to be found not only fertile lowlands but also piles of sandstones, ridges of granite, limestone hills, and arid tracts of land. Other deserts, or at least places of seclusion frequented by holy solitaries.

were the regions of Arabia, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Syria."

"But, Father, you are drifting from the subject and are evading my

question."

"No, not exactly. Before I do justice to your inquiry I must first explain the situation and make the proper distinctions. We can speak of hermits in a broader sense, that is, of those who in some respect enjoy the blessings and privileges of common (conventual hermits) and of those who are anchorets in a stricter meaning. In either case frequent Communion was not neglected. Many of the conventual hermits ate at a common table, attended divine service together, and had their own priest who would offer for them the Holy Sacrifice and give them Holy Communion at least on Saturdays and Sundays. In Pales-



THE HERMITS ST. ANTHONY AND ST. PAUL FED IN THE DESERT BY A RAVEN

tine we find the so-called lauras, each of which consisted of a group of hermitages surrounding a church. In the life of St. Sabbas (d. 532), a superior of one of the lauras, we are told expressly that those two days were regular Communion days. In the desert of Nitria along the Nile there was a church in which 5000 monks assembled every Saturday and Sunday to receive Holy Communion. To express their interior joy they were wont to wear a white linen garment over their habit which was of a darker hue.

"Sometimes such hermits were compelled to receive Holy Orders that they with their fellow anchorets might not be deprived of the Holy Eucharist. Thus in 340 St. Macarius the Elder was commanded by an Egyptian bishop to assume the dignity and duties of the priesthood that he might celebrate the Sacred Mysteries for the colony of solitaries who dewlt in separate hermitages in the hideous desert of Scete on the Nile. So also St. Sabbas when already fifty-three years old was placed under the same obligation by Bishop Sallust of Jerusalem."

"Why, Father, I expected to hear of examples of daily Communion amongst these saints."

"Such examples are not wanting either. In the life of St. Apollonius who lived at the foot of a mountain near Hermopolis in Egypt we read that every day at three o'clock in the aftermoon his monks assembled to receive Holy Communion and then only did they break their fast. Others came frequently down from the mountain and communicated at nine o'clock and then departed again for their solitude. It was one of his teachings that the brethren should receive Christ daily if possible lest whilst they remain away from the Holy Mysteries they become estranged also from God."

"Father, my great difficulty after all does not deal with these hermits, but with those others who were real solitaries far away from the

rest of the people."

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"Well, it was a rare case that these holy men wandered so far from their convent or laura as to preclude their going to the church at regular times. If we except few instances, we always find that these saints remained within reach of the sacraments. They would sometimes row up and down the Nile with their baskets and mats, the fruit of their labors. On such occasions they brought spiritual and corporal consolations to the villagers and knelt at the same altar with them. Abbot Poeman, who forsook the world about 385 retired into the wilderness and feared the least occasion that could interrupt his solitude. He was, however, a great advocate of frequent Communion. His advice to the faithful was that they should have a continual thirst for the Eucharist as the stag pants after the cold spring. 'Some aver,' he said, 'that stags feel a most violent inward heat and thirst because in the deserts they devour serpents and their bowels are parched with poison. Thus souls in the wildernes of the world always imbibe something of its poison and must languish in their craving for the body and blood of Jesus Christ which powerfullly fortifies them against, and expels, all such venom."

"In almost every case where we find an in-

stance quoted in such a way as to make us suppose that the hermit could not communicate, we learn later on that he did. Abbot Mark remained shut up for thirty years but we find that a priest went to say Mass for him every Sunday. The same is true of Abbot John who lived three years on a bare rock in a most lonely desert. In the valley of the Jordan a hermit lived for fifty years alone, yet he continued to receive Holy Communion three times a week. Some of these hermits dwelt in a cell of which they walled up the door and which they never quitted, yet we incidentally hear of one of them that he used to receive Holy Communion through a window.

"Occasionally these anchorets were priests themselves. Thus St. Auxentius had his dwelling on a wild mountain near Chalcedon. He exhorts all hermits to come to him to communicate on Sundays. Yes, neglect of Communion was looked upon in the desert as a sign of lukewarmness and abstention from it, as spiritual blindness. Hence if there have been a few holy solitaries who may not have communicated for a long period the same Providence that secured material sustenance for them also made provision for their spiritual well-being and progress. But these examples are the exceptions."

"Father, I saw a queer picture of a saint the other day. He was represented as standing on a high post. Was Communion possible there too?"

"You probably refer to St. Simeom Stylites who dwelt on a pillar about forty-five miles from Antioch. For thirty-seven years this saint had no other habitation than these pillars, which ranged from nine to fifty-four feet. The diameter was generally three feet with no covering as shelter against the rigor of the winter, the heat of the summer, the violence of the rain and wind, and the injuries of the air."

"Yes, you see my question is reasonable."

"And yet it is answerable in the affirmative. Before this saint chose this difficult abode he is said to have been a daily communicant. Surely he did not abandon his source of strength in this his new and arduous life. As a matter of fact a story is told of a bishop mounting the pillar on a ladder to give Communion to St. Simeon. Of St. Simeon the Younger we read that he was miraculously communicated on his pillar, then he subsequently became a priest and said Mass on this pillar. St. Daniel the Stylite of Constantinople was also a priest. One such pillar saint in Cilicia seems to have had Holy Communion with him on his column."

"Father, I am now satisfied. I did not think that my difficulty could find such an easy solution. I see now that our faith is still the same in doctrine and practice as that of the Fathers

in the desert."

# The Holy Grail

We have now come to the end of the series of the Edwin A. Abbey frieze decorations in the Boston Public Library. The last painting of the series, reproduced in this article, represents the Golden Tree and the Achievement of the Grail.

Galahad reigned over Sarras for a year. Then came the fulfilment of his supreme desire. While voyaging in the ship and kneeling in adoration of the Grail, Galahad prayed that, when he might ask it, he should pass out of this world. A voice made answer: "Galahad, thou shalt have thy request. And when thou asketh the death of thy body, thou shalt have it, and then shalt thou find the life of the soul."

The decorative simplicity of the final panel unites it most harmoniously with its neighbor, which begins the cycle of the frieze. Here we have the apotheosis of Galahad. The perfect knight at last fulfils his Quest. His saintly ancestor, Joseph of Arimathea, reappears to him, and, disclosing himself, therewith reveals the Holy Grail. Floating in the air as it is about to vanish back into Heaven from its earthly place of keeping,—sacredly treasured at Sarras

since it came with the ship,—for the first time the Grail is seen unveiled. But no man might look directly upon its glory and live. Galahad had builded to its last twig his wondrous Golden Tree, the symbol of his perfected works on earth. Naught more remained that he might do. So came the mighty moment when he should look upon the Grail itself. He made the great request: "Now, blessed Lord, would I not longer live, if it might please thee, Lord!" he prayed.

Galahad, all through his career, from outset to end, has worn the red cloak; for it has been necessary so long as he acquires knowledge. even of things spiritual, through experience in the world. But now the garment of action is about to drop from his shoulders as he kneels to put off mortality and to take on immortality. The crown and the sceptre of his personal kingdom he has cast at his feet. The Holy Grail itself, the crown, the sceptre, and the mystical Golden Tree are brightly defined in low relief with gilding and metallic lustre, while a company of seven angels with crimson wings witnesses the high achievement. The just man has been made perfect. Galahad is one with God. Divine Wisdom is attained.



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THE GOLDEN TREE AND THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE GRAIL

# The Widow's Mite

ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL

HEN she had dreamed of him before he was born, she had given him to God. That she could thus offer him signified what she wanted him to be. How good and splendid! A perfect gift to her Maker! It was typical of her own greatness of soul that, differing from many other mothers who wanted to keep their sons near them, who were always loath to relinquish them either to the work of the world or to some other woman, Mary Lea could valiantly anticipate a complete surrender. She was indeed eager to give him to God, to share him with his fellow men.

She had taken thought of what her sacrifice signified. She knew that if she gave him to the altar, it meant his serving his God with all his heart and all his strength. It meant his unstinted devotion to humanity. Her need of him, her yearning for his presence, the joy and solare of his companionship, must be subordinated to others, to mere strangers' needs and de-All this she foresaw and heroically made her consecration. It was characteristic of her largeness of spirit, her glorious generosity that, in response to the question: "What shall I render to Thee for all Thou hast done unto me?" she should desire to answer: "All! What is dearest to my heart, my greatest treasure, I gratefully return to Thee Who gavest."

But though her gift meant such sacrifice of many maternal gratifications, she was not without joy in her oblation. She drank deeply of the cup of her pride in the future she had dreamed of for him. Her exaltation mounted high as she realized that he would be following the great tradition of those who long ago heard the divine summons, "Follow me!" She could see him in his vestments, straight and neat and deft-fingered at the altar. Maybe she could help to make some for him with her own skillful fingers that had so tenderly made the little outfit waiting for him in his own little chest over in the corner.

Though Mary, with her deep quiet nature, had kept these hopes hidden in her heart, she had spoken of them to intimate friends and neighbors. Thus by the time the baby arrived, they had come to consider him a wonder child, as one set apart for a high vocation. They waited upon him, singly and in doting groups, as though he were a prince of the blood. Mary's intensity of feeling about him had wrought a marvellous power of suggestion convincing many that the small creature, lying there as

helpless as any other little fledgling,was a prodigy, a superlative gift of Heaven, preordained for an exceptional career.

As a matter of fact, as he began to grow, his appearance more and more seemed to justify Mary's dreams and convictions about him. A superior baby, there was no doubt about it, with a healthy, little body, good straight limbs, a well shaped head. His features soon began to attain some definiteness. Most notable were his eyes. Large and dark and shapely, they gave his baby face a thoughtful look. He had a way of fastening his gaze on people which argued for a power of attention and perhaps for understanding and sympathy when he grew older.

"Looks like he's not scared of anybody. I never did see a child so quiet with strangers."

Remarks like this reinforced Mary's persuasion that her son would be a wise, good man capable of ministering to others.

"We'll name him Christopher, after you," she had said to her husband. But the name meant more than her fond feeling for her boy's good father. When she had fallen in love with him, the story of Saint Christopher—which had always charmed her—now all the more appealed to her. Brooding over the name for her boy, it had gained significance. Wanting him to be a great strong man, who could help other people to bear their burdens, her fancy dwelled happily over the hope that he would bear Christ to others—as the blessed powerful saint of yore had succored the little Infant and won his high privilege of nobly serving others.

For all Mary Lea's impassioned dreams, her small Christopher somewhat modestly entered upon his career. His chief admirers were his mother and father and their simple-hearted neighbors, chiefly the women. Yet the intensity of their devotion compensated for the comparative narrowness of his royal circle,

However, once he began to go abroad, his coterie promptly and significantly increased. He was so good looking, so truly magnetic, his handsome face and radiant vitality seldom failed to draw the attention of passers-by. The variety of friends he made was proof of his attractiveness. His neighborhood represented rather contrasting types of people and conditions. Toward the east there were handsomer houses, and more prominent people. Toward the west the homes were plainer, the human element less conspicuous but none the less highly respectable and industrious. But whatever

their differences, they were at one in their surrender to Christopher's endearing young charms. Often might be seen on either side of his baby carriage, or following one another in paying court to him, the wife of Mr. Ward, the rich banker; Gussie Kline, the Swiss laundress from two blacks westward; Mrs. Harris, wife of the most eminent judge in town; and Liza Jackson, the supreme negro cook of the region. And just as completely had the men succumbed to Christopher's spell. Judge Harris could not resist the child—"I'd like to see him on a jury," said the judge. "We'd likely get a straight, honest verdict—you cannot fool anybody with eyes like those."

Dr. Brown was equally eloquent: "I guess I would starve if they were all like him." "He can have a job as floorwalker in my shop whenever he wants it," said Mr. Sharp, "the women will all fall for him—" while young Bob Sharp, High School senior, condescended to remark: "Some kid! Bet you he'll be captain of the

football team some day!"

All these comments and attentions strengthened Mary's belief in the boy's future. Wasn't this just the kind of a baby a great man would

be?

In his own home it was difficult to say who was more proud of the child, the father or the mother. Christopher senior was rapturously content with his namesake just as he was from day to day, without planning too far ahead for his career. Such a doting father distinctly lightened the mother's cares, particularly in the evenings and on Sundays when the boy was his special charge. Though hard-worked at the lumber yard all day, he was never too tired in the summer afternoons and evenings to wheel the perambulator up and down in yard and sidewalk. As the little one grew old enough for games, he fastened upon his father after supper in the winter nights-"You will have him so spoiled, we can't do anything with him," declared Mary, half divided between joy in her husband's delight in the child and anxiety lest indeed young Christopher ought to have some discipline.

There came one night, however, when the older Christopher failed his exuberant playmate: "Kid, guess you'll have to do without your old Dad tonight. He's all in." Work at the yard had been particularly heavy; he had become overheated and then cooled off too suddenly. A violent chill had seized him. After

a brief illness he was gone.

A poignant grief was his death to fond Mary, a pain of double significance. Besides the loss of her faithful husband, it meant a definite change in her plans for the boy. Hitherto she was to be less free to devote herself to him so

closely. She was obliged to help to support him and to provide for herself. Her small income from her young husband's insurance had to be supplemented by what she could earn by sewing at home—she was unwilling to leave home though now Christopher junior had started to school.

"But sure, it's a grand help the lad will soon be to you. It's a fine big man like his father he'll be and keepin' youse both in luxury," declared Nora O'Mara, one of many eloquent comforters, offering solace in the same vein.

But such consolation did not soothe as the friends trusted it would. Naught they said eased her disappointment over not being able to do what she wished for Christopher in his early years. She had longed to give him a good start on the life to which she had dedicated him. His father's salary would have enabled him to get a good schooling without distractions. Now, not knowing what might happen to her, she could not be sure of earning enough to keep them both going till such time as he might be able to go to a seminary. She felt but meagerly reassured when her intimates said: "He'll be all the better man for having to do for himself and help to take care of his mother.'

Certainly Christopher himself should have been a source of almost perfect confidence. Such a manly, self-reliant little chap he became from year to year! For many services he soon became a dependence for others than his mother. The neighbors knew they could rely upon his promptness and speed in running errands. Swift and light on his feet, deft with his fingers, he was constantly earning odd pennies for small chores and services. In play he was easily champion and leader because of his quickness. But, alas, the speed, so valuable in work or play, was to betray him. He relied too much upon it one afternoon when he and a few other boys were playing ball in the middle of the street. An automobile suddenly turned the corner, honked a warning-there was time to get out of the way if Christopher had not stooped to pick up the ball, trusting to his power to get out of the way in time. If he had not slipped, he could easily have evaded the car-he was just a second too late-the last boy in the world to whom such an accident might have been expected to happen.

For his mother and the many others who loved him, weeks of anguish and suspense followed. Not immediately could the doctors say what the effects of the terrible mishap might be. At last the heart-breaking verdict! Never again would that little back be straight. His limbs were safe—but the fine sturdy little figure

was hopelessly marred.

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Mary's heart was crushed. Beaten down to dust were her bright-winged dreams. The faint hopes that had sustained her, from her husband's death to this day, fell tragically to earth. Never, now, could her son mount to that high service to which she had destined him. Never for him that blessed officiating at the altar of her God! Never for him the splendid heroism of ministrations to his fellow men! When she tried to sleep at night after day-long exhausting care of him, her dreams were haunted by her bitter sorrow, by the ironic contrast between her old visions and this pitiful reality—the hoped-for tall, straight, capable man—and this poor little piece of broken humanity!

Though she sank so low in her misery-a lapse almost inevitable, considering the height of her impassioned ambitions-it was typical of Mary's basically noble character that eventually she began to recover from utter wretchedness. Her disappointment, her burden, was unquestionable—but there was naught to do but to square her shoulders and march onward. And finally there came a moment when she could lift her bruised heart to her Maker and say: "Thou knowest how perfect I would have offered him to Thy service-the well-nigh perfect child Thou gavest me. But since that may not be, do Thou still take Him; keep him in Thy care. I would have given all to Thee-do Thou help me to bear this load of sorrow upon my heart. Still do I give Him to Thee, grant that my offering be acceptable in Thy sight!" And with the words, there recurred to her the story of the widow's mite. Why, that's what he is!—her cherished mite, if not the rich and flawless gift she had designed for the Lord's temple!

Meantime, not upon Mary's spirit alone had the blow fallen. To all who had known the child and watched him from babyhood to active lovable boyhood, his accident came as a sharp personal stroke. Day by day from rich and poor in the neighborhood came the messages of sympathy, the innumerable testimonies of feeling for the mother, of deep sadness over Christopher—

"Sure if he'd been the mayor of the town or the president of the country, he couldn't have had more fuss made over him," declared Nora O'Mara, her eyes and voice full of tears.

When at last he was able to get out, able to walk about in the scenes of his old spirited play, the levees he constantly held at the door, the gate, on the sidewalk, bore out Nora's comment. "Thank God, the child's spirit is not broken," declared Judge Harris to his wife as he recounted his first meeting with the boy after the accident. "He's still a wonder!" The judgment was unanimous, as Christopher be-

gan to return to school. He was out as early as any of the children, quick with his lessons and, as his strength increased, once again he began to have some part in the games. The natural quickness of his hands and feet, in spite of his handicap, gave him advantages over other boys. High above the tumult of the other children, his clear firm voice could be heard, giving suggestions, mocking stupid players, actually leading in many sports. Those precious things, a child's happy heart and vital spirit, seemed mercifully untouched by the blight upon his physique. More and more manly he became as he grew in years-if so little in size. His mind was alert and resourceful, always supplying occupation and recreation. And it was typical of his active brain and spirit that he should eventually have sought some means of turning over a little money.

Selling newspapers seemed the most obvious occupation and soon he was successfully launched in this career. Near his home there was an intersection of car lines, which provided considerable trade for afternoon editions. A regular morning route was eventually added, and competently covered, on the bicycle he was clever enough to acquire,—a means of having his job and at the same time getting to school as promptly as the other boys. Mr. Ward, the banker, starting out at half past eight every morning to get his own constitutional, used to meet the boy, on his way home from delivering his papers, ready to snatch his books and pedal off to school.

"Hi, Mr. Ward, beat you this morning!" and the financier walked all the more vigorously because of the encounter. A few minutes later Christopher, with his books strapped to his bicycle, met Judge Harris, about to get into his car "Morning, Judge, you got the automobile but I get the exercise!" Thus gallantly the boy took his way, with an inspiriting salute to his numerous acquaintances, all agreeing with Judge Harris: "That youngster of Mary Lea's is a soldier!" "Best kind of a soldier, keeping up everyday braveries, if not the spectacular kind," commented Mr. Neale the lawyer.

Through the autumn of that year and early winter Christopher was to deserve these praises, but there came a day of inclement March when his gay voice failed to greet his friends. Missing something, yet scarcely realizing that it was his cheerful stirrup-cup to start their days, they went about their various affairs. By the end of the week it began to be noised among them that the lad was ill, that the old enemy which had taken his father—pneumonia—had laid him low. But if that foe so malignly had its way within the little room behind the drawn blinds, a legion of combatants

on the outside was arrayed in counterplay. Prayers, anxieties, fervent wishes for his recovery stormed the gates of heaven. "I'll just be sitting at the door, to give the news," declared Nora O'Mara, as day by day brought the line of solicitous friends to the door for some word about Christopher's condition. Again, a fellowship of genuine affection for the boy and of sympathy for his mother had brought to their humble threshold a variety of people whose work of pleasure led them in many different and many alienating ways. It was as though the beautiful phrase, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," were being freshly exemplified-their young friend leading them, these rich men and women and those less fortunate in worldly goods, to a common meeting ground of tenderness for the boy, pity for the mother, deep, sincere desire to serve both.

If, through channels not to be discerned by the senses, these manifold pulsations of compassion could have penetrated Mary Lea's breast, she would indeed have been comforted. But now once more that perhaps deepest of human emotions, maternal love, must go down alone into the valley of the shadow. Was she not to be permitted to keep him, even as he was, so inexpressively dear-if other than what she had dreamed and prayed he might be? Her brightest dream had long crumbled; she had been denied the high privilege of making her rich and perfect offering; in place of that it had seemed as though God had wanted to do for her something which, for all her pain, had its ineffable sweetness—the gratification of having him nearer to her than if he had been able for the career she had planned. But now it seemed that even this was to be foregone. And once more Mary yielded her will-"Out of my abundance I would have given. But if you ask for my broken reed, my precious mite, all I have-I give!"

But, after all, it seemed that she was to be spared this surrender. Almost miraculously the crisis passed and the doctor began to tell her that, with closest care, Christopher might recover. At last came the days when Mary began to climb up from the depths of her fears and when she could be persuaded to go down stairs and see some of her callers, to go out for a little air. Every afternoon was a reception day with her. Few were the hours when, either on the little porch or within the little parlor, there was not some solicitous friend. And solaced by their unmistakable devotion to Christopher, Mary's heart knew a blessed healing. Chastened as she had been, now once more she could feel the old surge of pride in the boy that once had kept her in a steady state of exultation. Heaven and the good doctor and nurses

were bringing her child back to her and now these tender people were kindling new fire of hope and strength in her own veins, sending her back refreshed to her own vigils. She had known that they loved her boy but these eloquent manifestations of their attachment made her assurance doubly sure and did even still more—they sharpened her realization of what force, what definiteness of character, Christopher must possess, to leave such an impression with all these persons of such differing types. "I can't get over it," she declared to Nora O'Mara: "they talk as if he were their own-Mrs. Ward and Mr. Ward, and Gussie Kline and the Shreves and the Sullivans. I believe the Harrises are the most anxious. They have just done everything as if he were their own boy. What gets me is that they keep harpingnot on what they have done for him and you know, Nora, how good they have always been to him at Christmas, sending him things and being so friendly with the child since he was able to crawl, but it's their harping on what he has done for them that gets me." That her poor broken reed, had meant so much to these older men and women, who really had all they wanted, could get all they wanted—it amazed even as it overjoyed the doting mother.

It was Judge Harris whose words filled her cup to overflowing, who now irresistibly gave her the idea of what little Christopher, going up and down the world with his gallant heart, his wholesomeness, had contrived to mean to these able-bodied, comfortably circumstanced grown-ups:

"Mrs. Lea, if there is ever anything I can do for the boy and you, command me. I esteem it a privilege to be able to make life any brighter or easier for him. I am really in his debt. Many a morning, let me tell you, I have faced the worries and annoyances of the day, the baseness of men, all the better because of his brave young face, his cheery temperament."

The words kept ringing in Mary's breastjust pleasantly at first but with increasing com-There could be no doubt of their sincerity. By nightfall, when she was taking up her position by Christopher, they had engraved themselves upon her heart. In singular and unutterably precious fashion they had given to her a new Christopher; they had shown her boy to her in a new light that illuminated his dear face, threw into relief all the traits she had tried to cultivate in him, all that she had prayed he might possess. A great wave of recognition and hitherto untasted consolation swept over her- "O God, is this true? Is my boy near what I wanted him to be?" For here now was this wonderful recognition that, marred as his body might be, his spirit had at 0-

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called to the souls of these mature, seemingly self-reliant men and women. Her Christopher had given them some of the most valuable things conceivable! Though scarcely able to phrase all she was realizing, she saw what an amount of love he had released into the world, how he had quickened not merely sympathy for his own needs and hurts, but zeal for the brave faithful conduct of life. Like a blinding flash it came to her that her old dream had in such great measure begun to come true—differently from her plan, yet in one of those wondrous ways that the Lord moves. Already the boy had entered upon a career of helping to accomplish his Maker's purposes, had begun in his childish but splendid way a service to others, the best of services—the quickening of

their spirits, the deepening of their sense of human fellowship in God's world, the striking of the chords of tenderness and understanding which are earth's echoes of God's love.

Since the day which had first marred his young body, when she had come to think of him as "the widow's mite," she had often turned to the gospel passages about the story. She knew them by heart. Now in this new moment of spiritual exaltation, of fresh vision, she was able with unexpected serenity and joy to make a new dedication: "Not from an abundance like that of others, not the rich gift I had hoped for Thy temple may my offering be; but because he is my all, my widow's mite, take him, Lord, and what he may continue to do for Thy glory and honor!"

# General John Peter Muhlenberg

The "Fighting Parson"

MAUDE GARDNER

In Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, twenty-odd miles north of the city of Philadelphia, and only a few miles distant from the famous Valley Forge campground of the patriot soldiers, lies the little village of Trappe, memorable in American History as the birthplace and burial ground of one of the most unique characters and greatest generals of the Revolutionary War, John Peter Muhlenberg.

One of the few Revolutionary churches now standing in this part of the country is the noted old Augustus Lutheran Church at Trappe, Pennsylvania, which was founded in 1743 by the Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, father of the famous general. People from all parts of

the country go to the village among the Pennsylvania hills to see this quaint old church which has been faithfully preserved, remaining un-changed within and without since that long ago time when the founder of Lutheranism in America took his little son into the then new building and administered the rites of bap-Close beside this historic edifice there stands today the new brick building, which is in constant use, for only once a year, on the first Sunday of every August, are the doors of the old church opened for worship, when some noted divine occupies the quaint old pulpit and people from far and near come to attend the annual service in this shrine of American Lutheranism.

Just back of the church building is the ancient graveyard, with its old tombs dating back to more than one hundred and fifty years, and it is there that General Muhlenberg and his illustrious father, together with their families, have found their last resting place.

When little John Peter Muhlenberg was taken into his father's church to be baptized, there was an ardent wish in the parent's heart that the young son would follow in his own footsteps as a minister of the gospel, and when he was sixteen years old, he was sent to the old home of his father in far away Halle, Germany, to study for the ministry.

With the completion of his education, John Peter Muhlenberg returned to his native land



GENERAL MUHLENBERG'S CHURCH

to be ordained and commence his pastoral labors in Western New Jersey, but just before the breaking out of the great Revolutionary struggle, he was called to the charge of a congregation in the parish of Woodstock, Virginia, and before he could enter upon his new duties, it was necessary that he be ordained by an English Bishop, so again he crossed the ocean for this purpose and returned to take up his new work with the large colony of Germans who had settled near Woodstock.

At once the young minister became very popular with the people of his parish, for his eloquence attracted the attention of all the country and his wonderful personality won for him many friends, among whom were Patrick Henry, who later became the great orator of the Revolution, and George Washington who was to lead his countrymen through the great war until the right was gained. Through the beautiful Virginia woods John Peter Muhlenberg often rode with the great commander-in-chief just as the first mutterings of the famous war were beginning to be heard and together the two discussed the wrongs the colonists had long endured and, when finally it was realized that war was inevitable, this Virginia preacher felt it was his duty to enter the patriot army and fight for the cause of freedom.

He became a great leading spirit among those opposed to the tyranny of Great Britain and in 1775 he was chosen colonel and asked to raise a regiment of soldiers. It was to be his last Sunday at the little Woodstock Church, and when his parishioners learned this fact, they flocked to the building to hear his farewell sermon and to bid their beloved minister good-by. Never before had the building accommodated such a crowd. Never before had they all gathered so long before time for the service to open, and when at last the tall figure, dressed in his white and black robe, entered the doorway, the crowded church gave undivided atention as he entered the pulpit to deliver his last discourse.

In eloquent language that touched the hearts of all his hearers, this minister of the gospel described the tyranny of England toward her colonies across the sea and recited the wrongs and humiliations to which the colonists had been subjected to satisfy the whim of an obstinate young king. Peace was no longer possible! The only alternative left was to fight it out, and as his sermon was concluded, the exclamation fell from his lips:

"There is a time for all things—a time to preach, and a time to pray; but there also is a time to fight, and that time has now come!"

And just as a drumbeat was heard at the door of the church with a single sweep of his

hands he threw off his ministerial gown and stood before his congregation dressed in the uniform of a Virginia colonel!

Almost three hundred men, chiefly of his congregation, were enrolled under his banner that day, and throughout the whole time of the great struggle for freedom, General John Peter Muhlenberg worked valiantly for the cause of right, for in 1777 Congress commissioned him a brigadier general, and for two years he was with Washington in all his movements. At the noted Battle of Brandywine, while General Anthony Wayne held one column of the English Army at bay, General Muhlenberg held the other, and during the terrible winter at Valley Forge, the "fighting parson," as he was affectionately called, would often go to the little village of Trappe to spend the night with his parents, sleeping in his clothing, with his horse saddled, and all arrangements made to go at a moment's notice if he were needed.

When Cornwallis invaded Virginia, Muhlenberg was next in command to Lafayette, and at the siege of Yorktown was in command of the first brigade of light infantry. To his wonderful work was due in part the great victory achieved there in October, 1781, and as a reward for his brilliant service throughout the war, he was given a large tract of land in Ohio. At the close of the struggle, he was promoted to the rank of major-general and lived to serve his native state in various civil offices.

General Muhlenberg died on October 1, 1807—his sixty-first birthday, and in the burial ground of the church which his father had founded sixty-four years previous, and in which he himself had often preached, they laid to rest the noted general and famous minister of the Revolutionary War.

#### A Meditation

Bertrand Kraus, O. S. B.

The bitter husk of corn A tender ear confines; Man's mortal body An immortal soul enshrines.

The sharpened husking-blade Lays bare the golden sides; The ruthless Scythe of Death The Thread of Life divides.

The ripened ear of corn In granaries is stored; Man's soul for heaven rife, In garners of the Lord. e

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# Artasar's Palace\*

CHARLES E. HODSON

A FTER Solomon, the most powerful and wealthy king on earth, stood doubtless Artasar, a direct descendant of one of those three Magi who came to adore at the stall in the grotto at Bethlehem, guided by the glow of a mysterious star, a new one, differing from the others, a star which traced a diamond path across the azure firmament.

Artasar retained, amid the other glories of his house, the tradition of his ancestor's journev to adore the Messias, the world's Redeemer; but this hallowed memory was already fading away, and the path of the star across the heavens was daily being blotted out, so did its celestial clarity pale in the heart of the descendant of the Magi who were skilled in the art of divination, and saints, thanks to their having pressed their lips to the tiny feet of the newborn Jesus. Why should not Artasar have forgotten the teachings handed down from the Magi, when Solomon, the son of David, that author of sacred books, favored by the Lord with the gift of wisdom, slid back in so shameful a manner, so far as to burn incense to idols? Whilst man lives on earth he is subject to temptation.

Artasar resembled David in his love of magnificence, in his desire to surround himself with the most precious, rare, and delicate objects, brought from the confines of the earth. Ships laden with wealth came daily to the ports of Artasar's kingdom, bringing the monarch gems and treasures.

Cloths, white as a sheep's fleece; silk tapestry, embroidered with battles and love scenes; glowing marble statues; golden scent-boxes, embalming the air; jars and vases of silver and agate; tigers' skins and ostrich feathers collected in the regal mansion, now too small to contain so many treasures.

But who can satisfy a heart to its depths? Artasar, the magnificent, lived sad and disquieted. He designed to build another palace, as the present one was too cramped and narrow to contain the host of guards, slaves, musicians, jugglers, buffoons, grooms, and cooks who dwelt there. He began to dream of an unexampled palace, which should eclipse the one which Solomon built in thirteen years, raised on columns of bronze, with an immense sea of marble, bordered by petals of lilies.

The palace should be such that it would immortalize the name and memory of Artasar for

all succeeding ages, such that fancy could image nothing so splendid and delightful. To effect this, Artasar, remembering Hiram who designed the palace of Solomon, called together the most famous architects of his kingdom, and of the neighboring ones and, offering magnificent fees, ordered them to draw the plan of such a residence as he desired: large, sumptuous, glittering like a royal diamond. The architects handed in their plans; but these found no favor in the eyes of Artasar. None of them realized his ideal, the chimera of his imagination, of an unheard of palace, unequalled in the world.

When Artasar despaired of gaining his object, an aged emaciated man with a long beard and of humble appearance, sought an audience. Under his arm was a roll of paper which he declared to be the plan of the palace such as the king would approve. The appearance of the unknown architect was not very promising; but a drowning man will catch at a straw, and Artasar allowed the old man to unroll his paper. Scarcely had the monarch fixed his eyes on the plan than he clapped his hands and danced for joy.

It was a dream, interpreted by a magician who read his mind. Those superb columns, those courts with their majestic balustrades, those galleries of marble and precious agate; those ceilings of cedar and scented pine; those halls whose polished pavements reflected like water; those groves; those monumental fountains; those mirrors, warmed by fairy hands; those hanging gardens; those towers, challenging the clouds.... This was ideal; no king on earth had the like. Artasar, on seeing it, extended his regal hand, covered with rings, long, delicate, and brown as the fruit of the palm, exclaiming:

"Build the palace as you have projected it, O most learned man! I will give you as much as you ask, as much as you need. For you I will open my secret treasury and, in the cellars of my house you will find gold, pearls, diamonds, and rubies, sufficient to build, not only a palace, but an entire city, with its houses, temples, and fortified wall. And tell me: where have you been hiding yourself, and why do you look so poverty-stricken, so wise a man as you?"

"I am not wise," replied the old man; "I have lived in retirement, praying, and doing penance."

<sup>\*</sup> Translated from the Spanish .- C. E. H.

"But now the universe will know you, from the monument you are about to raise," declared Artasar who, in effect, ordered his wealth to be placed at the old man's disposal, as also an immense extent of fertile country, with its deep woods and noble rivers, its smiling plains and placid lakes.

At the end of a year, the time fixed by the architect for the completion of the palace, Artasar wished to see the works, and went to the place where he thought his new abode already stood.

Great was his surprise, fierce was his anger at finding no signs of either gardens or palace. But he marked that that district, formerly desert, was densely inhabited, for whole tribes came forward to acclaim him, women and children awaiting the approach of the king, and blessing him. But nowhere did he see stones and material on the ground, materials for building. Then Artasar, indignant, ordered the architect to be brought to his presence to have him flayed and hung up bleeding at the gate of the city as a warning to liars. The old man presented himself humbly, emaciated and modest as on the first day and, when the king upbraided him, he made this extraordinary reply:

"O king, the palace which you desire is built; if you will come with me alone, I will show it you."

Artasar went with him, full of curiosity, and together they plunged into the most intricate and retired part of the flowery country. They soon issued from the thicket onto the banks of an immense natural lake, and there the old man halted. The sun was setting; the sky appeared rosy, blazing, splendid. And the architect, taking Artasar's hand, said to him gravely:

"O king, I have expended the treasures you entrusted to me on those destitute folk, on those suffering hunger and thirst, on those to be seen wailing over the new-born child, because the breast of the anguished mother could yield no milk. Yet not for this have I failed to make you the palace such as you desired. I will make you so proud that no monarch on earth can boast of such an one. Look.... Do you not see? There you have it. Your palace already towers in the heavens!"

Artasar looked, and really saw a marvellous edifice rise among the scarlet clouds. On columns of silver, bronze, and alabaster, rose arches of gilded cedar, so cunningly carved that they seemed like a sea of golden waves. Cupolas of blue enamel crowned the palace, and long galleries of diaphanous crystal, with cornices of mosaics and jewels, stretched out to infinity, amidst the mystery of a fantastic vegetation of

emerald leaves, and flowers of vivid ruby and oriental sapphire, their calixes exhaling a fragrance which at once intoxicated and calmed the senses. And Artasar, transported, knelt at the feet of the architect and kissed them, his soul inundated with joy.

When they returned from the wood, Artasar noted with surprise that the almost-extinguished path of the star of the Magi shone that night like a collar of brilliants.

# A Remembrance of J. G. Whittier

Lucy Lincoln Montgomery

DECEMBER seventeenth, which marked the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier, brought to mind the following incident in connection with his life.

There is a garden in the little town of Amesbury, dear to the hearts of New Englanders. Through its paths and under shading boughs, with the perfume of old-fashioned flowers hanging upon the air, walked the poet, Whittier, gathering inspiration for the sweet songs he gave to men.

Laureate of the cause of freedom he was, doing much to touch the conscience of the American people on the subject of abolition, prophet and psalmist, tuning his lyre to the tones that touch human need, singing from nature, with a warm heart and deep religious experience, into the very hearts of men and women, with an optimism that always guessed "From blessings known of greater out of sight," and "On the midnight sky of rain" would "paint the golden morrow," with a spirit sweet, sincere and uplifting.

On September 10th, 1892, when that unique funeral service was held in the garden back of his old home, the writer was one of the thousands who, passing through the library, looked upon the face of the dead poet, and the thought that came uppermost was: "The last time I saw you in life you did me a kindly service."

On Thursdays the Quakers at Amesbury held their mid-week service. Several years before Mr. Whittier's death I went with a young friend to the quaint little meeting house where the poet was wont to attend when in that town. A placid-faced, elderly Quakeress stood at the door.

"Is there to be service here today?" we asked.
In a tone of gentle rebuke, she answered:
"We do not know. We can never tell when the
Spirit will move us to service. Thee may come
in"

She kindly led us to seats, half way up the room. The women sat on one side, the men on

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the other. Mr. Whittier soon came in. He took a seat directly opposite us. Tall, thin and grave he was. He wore a high hat which he kept on during meeting time.

In a short time service did begin, and the Quakeress who had spoken to us at the door took a prominent part. Her exhortations evidently pointed personally to members of the little community; then, looking toward us, she closed with an earnest appeal to "You, oh, sisters, young and inexperienced—"

Mr. Whittier sat devoutly silent during the hour. That was the invariable custom of this gentle, unassuming man, lest strangers should come, not to worship, but to hear the poet speak.

It seemed as if his own words might find utterance as one looked at his earnest, reverent face:

"In calm and cool and silence once again
I find my old accustomed place among my brethren—
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear
The still, small voice which reached the prophet's ear;
Read in my heart a still diviner law
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw."

When meeting was over we went to the barn where the horse had been left, and tried to back him through the open door; but he was obstinate, or a wheel had caught in some way, for we struggled in vain for several minutes, making no head—or rather back way.

A dozen men stood by without offering aid, but Mr. Whittier, seeing our plight, stepped out from the little circle of Friends who surrounded him, came quickly forward, took the horse by the bridle, backed him out, turned and led him through the yard and in to the street.

The graceful courtesy of the act and the grave smile with which he acknowledged our thanks have never been forgotten.

"The gospel of a life like his Is more than books or scrolls."

The whole spirit of that exquisite funeral service, held in the spacious garden, tended to emphasize the loving thoughtfulness of his life.

"Death seemed but a covered way Which opens into light," For "Life is ever lord of death, And Love can never lose its own."

It was as if friends had gathered to bid the beautiful spirit "God speed" on its journey to the land beyond our sight.

He knows now

Where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air.

Holy Mass is that saving Sacrifice whereby the sin of the world is blotted out.—St. Ambrose.

# Annual Health Inventory

Indiana State Medical Association

AN annual health inventory is recommended as one of the most important steps in checking the inroads of disease.

The average life expectancy has greatly increased during the last twenty-five years, due largely to the recognition of the necessity for the care of infants and children, and it is quite likely that there may be still further increases as we awaken to the necessity for the prevention of diseases of middle life. One of the aids to this happy result is the very simple expedient of having our family physicians check up the health resources at frequent and regular intervals.

The successful merchant at stated intervals takes stock. Other business men place their trucks and automobiles in the garage for overhauling at certain times of the year, and the same is true of railroads which place their rolling stock in for inventories every once in a-while.

Many people, including good business men, however, never think of visiting their physicians until they are ill. In other words, they wait until the physical machine works badly or nature threatens physical bankruptcy before visiting their repair men or taking an inventory of their physical condition.

Not long ago the press gave front page headlines over stories telling of the arrangement between a business man and his physician whereby the business man agreed to pay his physician to keep him well, rather than treat him when ill. Physicians in other cities are noting that they are receiving an increasing number of office visits from business and professional men of all ages who want to know each year just where they stand physically. This is encouraging, as it shows an awakening of the public mind to the need for care and conservation of the human body.

Numbers of men on reaching middle life think of protecting their family and business and attempt to obtain life insurance. They feel that they are in excellent condition and are greatly shocked on being told they cannot obtain the wished-for insurance. Their blood pressure is too high, or their kidneys are diseased, or there is something wrong with the heart.

In fact they are advised that potentially they are sick men. Had they been examined at regular intervals by their family physician, beginnings of these symptoms would have been discovered and in most cases the causes could (Continued on page 419)

# Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—One of the most distinguished chemists during the Middle Ages was the Benedictine monk Basil Valentine, who lived in a monastery in southern Germany. He discovered antimony. One of his many books, 'Antimony and its Compounds,' is an authority even today.

—A recent development in the art of baking bread is the no-dough-time process. The usual time allotted to the fermentation of the dough is omitted. From 2.5 to 3 per cent of yeast, based on the weight of the flour, is used. The process is possible only in a bakery, where the heat can be well regulated. The result is a fine bread of appetizing flavor. The freshness is retained for a longer period than usual. Time for total baking process is also shortened, the new bread requiring but from one and one-half to two hours, in place of five to seven hours under the old process.

—One of the chief causes of deafness is catarrh of the middle ear. Three little bones there, necessary to transmit the sound, often stick together. By stimulating certain nerves in the nose, it has been found possible to agitate these bones, and thus destroy their adhesions. Improved hearing has often resulted.

—A total eclipse of the sun, January 24, 1925, is attracting popular as well as scientific attention. Scientists expect new light from photographs of the sun's corona, also from observations of the spectrum. A nation-wide report from amateur wireless receivers as to the effect of sunlight on radio reception is to be had.

—The serious interest of the scientific world in the report that gold can be made from mercury, even though the manufacturing cost be prohibitive, brings to mind the alchemy of the Middle Ages. Alchemy sought to make gold from the baser metals. Tricksters used the same theory to defraud a gullible public. This gradually brought the name 'Alchemy' into such disrepute that genuine alchemy became known as chemistry. The idea of making gold from baser metals became one of the stock arguments for ridiculing the Middle Ages. But here it is again. Another reason that we may soon be laughing at those that laugh at the so-called 'Dark Ages.'

—The falling of leaves in Autumn is due to draught and not to frost.

—Radio can be used to control electric power plants. A substation at Tipton, Indiana, has its switches controlled by wireless from Kokomo, fourteen miles distant.

—A British investigator, claims that cancer is due to chronic poisoning and vitamin starvation over a period of years.

—Lipstick indigestion is one of the latest diseases for young ladies who rouge too freely.

-'Insanity Gas' or 'Looney Gas' is a popular name for tetraethyl lead poisoning that results in delirium. The tetraethyl has been introduced to the public in a diluted liquid form to be mixed with gasoline as an anti-knock agent. So far no dangerous results have been observed in this general use. The danger appears only from inhaling the fumes of the concentrated product in the manufacture of the liquid.

—A revolving beam of light is used at many harbors to guide ships. But fogs renders this inoperative. Radio beams can now be similarly employed. A radio beam 'lighthouse' projects a wireless wave in only one direction, and as the antennae revolves, the beam sweeps the ocean surface. A year's operation at the Firth of Forth was so successful that similar installations on fog-bound coasts are probable.

—Is a radio antenna, as had by the ordinary amateur, a protection against lightning or a menace? The U. S. Bureau of Standards answers that it is neither. It is classed in this regard with other metal objects such as gutters and tin roofs.

—The record for short wave reception in radio appears to be 13,000 miles. An amateur in France held communication with an amateur in New Zealand.

—In a recent book by Dr. Kahn, 'The Life of Mankind,' interesting data as to the rapidity of human muscles are given. The violinist is capable of 600 finger motions per minute. The pianist, in playing the 'Minute Waltz,' must touch in the same space of time 740 keys with his right hand,—and great pianists have played this in 35 seconds! The ordinary house fly will make 330 wing-beats a second.

—Charging a city's water supply with air, by forcing the water as a spray into the atmosphere, is a common procedure. But the effects are still undetermined. Recent experiments seem to indicate that the aeration of the water promotes chemical activity, electrifies the sprayed drops, and aids in removing impurities.

—Actual measurements taken in hospitals show that an adult may lose nearly a quart of blood before serious results occur.

—The planet Mars was recently near to the earth. Photographs taken at the Lick Observatory seem to indicate that the atmosphere of Mars is very dense, instead of thin, as is commonly held. The famous polar caps of Mars, often attributed to snow or ice, appear to be due to clouds, haze, or other atmospheric phenomena.

#### "APPLIED SCIENCE"

-The cat has nine lives, but takes no chances.

—A hint to the hard-headed: It is the hardness of the upper crust that makes the earthquakes so violent.

-The three R's for some colleges seem to be: Root, Root!

-This is the "Elizabethan" Age-for automobiles.

-In the age of face paint, 'Crack a smile' becomes literal.

\_\_"Jack and Jill went up the hill," or as the New York World renders the verse in more scientific words:—

Boy's name and girl's name went up the natural elevation of earth or rock

To fetch a conical or cylindrical vessel of hydrogen and oxygen.

Boy's name descended suddenly by the force of gravity and fractured his skull.

And girl's name came falling violently and suddenly subsequently.

—A brain stimulant from whale oil is announced, since whales move in schools.

-When a mule kicks, it does not pull:—and the same holds true for man.

-Insects had the first antenna, and the mosquito performed the first blood infusion.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

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—Rev. Henry Geibel, pastor of Immaculate Conception Church, Connellsville, Pennsylvania, mourns the loss of his mother, who died in her ninety-fifth year. Mrs. Geibel was the mother of eleven children, of whom two sons and a daughter survive. Moreover, she has left forty-five grandchildren, 125 great-grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

—Dr. James Harris Rogers, a member of St. Jerome's Church, Hyattsville, Maryland, after some litigation has lately been awarded credit for the discovery of a radio device for submerged submarines. The apparatus was accepted by the navy towards the end of the World War.

-The Dominican Sisters have opened a college for women at Columbus, Ohio.

—Jerusalem now has an English Auxiliary Bishop in the person of Mgr. Godric Kean, who was recently consecrated Bishop of Tavium and Auxiliary to Mgr. Barlassina, Latin Patriarch of the Holy City. Mgr. Kean was born at Durham in 1866.

—Mr. Joseph Gockel, a blind man who lives in St. Ann's parish, Milwaukee, has for nearly twenty-five years published the *Milwaukee Weekly Review* for the blind. Lately he has begun *Lux Vera*, a monthly, which is likewise for the blind. Moreover, he is the inventor of a machine with a typewriter keyboard by means of which conversation can be carried on with the blind who are also dumb.

—Cardinal Michael J. Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, died rather unexpectedly on November 18th. His Eminence had reached the age of 84 on October 1st. He received episcopal consecration in 1879 and in 1893 he was created Cardinal-Priest under the title of Santa Maria della Pace—St. Mary of Pages.

—At the close of the National Council of Catholic Women, at St. Louis, Miss Florence Loeber, a prominent attorney of New Orleans, was elected president of the National Council.

-Rt. Rev. Mgr. Daniel G. Buckley, V. G., pastor of

St. Raphael's Church, Springfield, Ohio, was invested on November 23rd with the insignia of Prothonotary Apostolic. After the mitre, ring, and other marks of his rank had been bestowed upon him by Archbishop Moeller, the new Monsignor celebrated Pontifical High Mass.

—The Director of Public Safety, at Philadelphia, Gen. Sinedley Butler, a non-Catholic, has warned the police traffic squad against mixing profanity and impoliteness with enforcement of law. Gen. Butler marched at the head of his Catholic police in the grand demonstration at the Holy Name Convention in Washington last September.

—Mr. Benno Kunkler, of Aurora, Missouri, a place that has a very unsavory name because of the slime sheet that was formerly published there, died recently. Mr. Kunkler was the father of five religious, of whom two sons are Benedictine priests at Conception Abbey and three daughters are Sisters of the Precious Blood at O'Fallon, Mo.

—On November 24th the great clock of the Colgate & Company's Soap Factory at Jeffersonville, Indiana, was set in motion at 5 p. m. This is said to be the largest clock in actual operation. Its minute hand, which is twenty-four feet and two inches long, weighs 1,700 pounds, while the hour hand is sixteen feet in length and weighs 1,200 pounds. The dial measures thirty-seven feet and six inches in diameter. The minute hand jumps six inches every time that it moves. Later on a larger clock will be installed by the same firm on its plant at Jersey City.

-The death of Miss Jennie Henson, a talented and virtuous colored woman, occurred on November 18th in St. Frances Convent, Baltimore, where she had made her home with the Oblate Sisters of Providence for the past twenty-five years. Shortly before going to live with these good sisters of her own race, "Miss Jennie," as she was familiarly called, had been stricken with blindness. Her time was employed in writing plays, short stories, and doing deeds of kindness. Despite her affliction, she held certificates for proficiency in typewriting and in the system of Revised Braille for the blind. To her credit also is the transcription of a number of books for the blind. Her deep piety and cheerfulness, together with the resignation with which she bore the brief but painful illness were an inspiration to those who came in contact with her in her last days.

—A pilgrimage to Rome during the jubilee year is being arranged for Sodalists, their families, and their friends. Sailing from New York in July, the pilgrims will return towards the end of August.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. William D. O'Brien, who has been connected with the Catholic Church Extension Society for the past eighteen years, and who has been acting president of the Society since Mgr. Kelley's appointment to the Diocese of Oklahoma, has now been appointed by Rome to succeed Mgr. Kelley as president.

-Rev. Albert Lang, O. S. B., of Newark, New Jersey, has one brother a secular priest in Brooklyn and an-

other, Brother Frederick, at Georgetown University. Four sisters embraced the religious life. Of these one died several years ago, while another, Mother Cornelia, O. S. D., superintendent of St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn, died of heart trouble on November 25th after an illness of only one hour.

#### MISSIONS

—The newly appointed Prefect-Apostolic of Han Yang, Hupeh, China, is Rt. Rev. Mgr. Edward J. Galvin, a native of Ireland, who spent the first years of his sacred ministry in Brooklyn. In 1912 Mgr. Galvin went to China where he remained for three years. Returning to America, he organized the missionary society of St. Columban which, since its inception, has made marvelous progress. Two seminaries have been established in Ireland, one in Melbourne, Australia, and two in the United States.

—Recently the Church in Uganda, East Africa, conferred holy orders on seven natives and minor orders on seven others. In accordance with the wishes of Rome the laborers in the mission fields are endeavoring to raise up a native clergy.

#### EUCHARISTIC

—At St. Peter Cathedral, Cincinnati, from 6 to 8 a.m., the faithful have an opportunity every fifteen minutes to receive Holy Communion. Rev. Francis T. Culley has been appointed spiritual director of the People's Eucharistic League to encourage frequent Communion.

—At St. Joseph's Church, Akron, Colorado, the month of November was begun with the Forty Hours Devotion. At the first Mass on Sunday morning every member of the crowded church received Holy Communion. Two families came a distance of forty-five miles to attend that Mass and receive Holy Communion. Distance no longer counts where there is an automobile and good roads, other conditions being favorable.

—The eighteenth annual Eucharistic conference of the Archdiocese of Portland, Oregon, convened on November 20th at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. The Eucharistic day began with a votive High Mass of the Blessed Sacrament at 9 a. m. Exposition followed until 4 p. m. There were several conferences held by the priests who attended.

—The Eucharistic Congress that was held at Palermo, Sicily, not long ago, was probably the grandest Eucharistic demonstration ever seen. So numerous was the throng (about 400,000) that swelled the magnificent procession—which left the Cathedral at 2 p. m.—that it was six o'clock before the Blessed Sacrament, in a richly bejewelled monstrance, borne by the Cardinal Legate Granito de Belmonte, could leave the sacred edifice. The windows and the roofs of the buildings along the line of march were filled with people and the streets were packed with worshippers who greeted their Eucharistic Lord in passing, by enthusiastic shouts of welcome and prayer. The ships along the water front were literally covered with sailors and fishermen praying and singing. Near the shore at the Foro Italico,

where an altar had been raised, bearing resemblance to an immense monstrance, the Blessed Sacrament was placed. The Tantum Ergo was sung by this immense mass of people. At the moment of Solemn Benediction the great bells tolled, the cannon roared, bands played. The masses, no longer able to contain themselves, burst out in joyful shouts proclaiming their "evvivas." For the display of enthusiasm in public worship in the house of God the Spaniard and the Italian have no equal. By way of contrast, note the International Congress at Amsterdam last summer. While many nations gathered to do honor to our Lord, the great Congress was not permitted to hold a public procession through the streets of the city. And at the recent Eucharistic Congress at Mexico City an infidel government took all possible precaution to prevent any form of outdoor demonstration.

#### BENEDICTINE

—The death of Rt. Rev. Joseph Oswald Smith, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Lawrence Abbey, Ampleforth, York, England, occurred on November 4th. Abbot Smith, who celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination in 1922 and had been president of the English Congregation of Benedictines since 1901, had reached the venerable age of three score and ten.

—Rt. Rev. Joseph MacDonald, Abbot of Fort-Augustus Abbey, Scotland, who came to this country in company with the pioneers of the new St. Anselm Priory at Washington, lectured before the St. Xavier College Alumni Association of Cincinnati on November 6th. Abbot MacDonald visited several other of our larger cities before his return to Scotland early in December.

—The two-hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the beautiful Abbey Church at Weingarten in Wuerttemberg, Germany, was celebrated from August 31st to September 7th. Solemn High Mass and Vespers, of which several were Pontifical, were celebrated each day. Many prelates and a great concourse of the faithful from the neighboring towns and villages took part in the celebration which closed with a grand procession in which was borne Weingarten's most precious treasure, a relic of the sacred blood of the Savior.

—Rev. Eleutherius Lechner, O. S. B., superior of the Benedictine foundation made by St. Ottilien at Dinalupihan, Philippine Islands, in the spring of 1923, has just died of tropical fever.

## Benedictines Invited to the Orient

On several occasions reference has been made in the pages of THE GRAIL to the letter of Pope Pius XI, of March, 1924, inviting the Benedictines to turn their attention to the schismatics of the Orient in the hope of reuniting them with the Church of the West. Believing that even at this late day it will be of interest to our readers, we herewith present an adaptation of the text of this letter of the Holy Father to the Abbot-Primate, which we take from the Benediktinische Monatschrift, a periodical that is published by the Benedictines of the Archabbey of Beuron in Germany.

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Pope Pius XI to His Beloved Son, Fidelis von Stotzingen, Abbot-Primate of the United Benedictine Order.

Beloved Son, Greeting and Apostolic Benediction!

Mindful of the words with which the Redeemer of mankind, in the face of death, besought His Father that all might be one, we desire nothing more ardently than that all hostility cease and that all nations return to unity with the Catholic Church, that eventually there may be but one Shepherd and one fold.

Today our charity directs our thoughts in the first place to the great masses of Russia. It seems to Us that the unheard-of sufferings, such as they have probably never before experienced, are calling the Russians back to the arms of Mother Church. But who could render us more valuable assistance in this work of restoring unity than the zealous Monks of the West, who have always been of such great service to Christian culture?

From the East came monasticism, which was in a flourishing condition before the deplorable schism, especially so under the guidance of St. Benedict, whom the Orient, too, highly venerates as the Patriarch of the Monks of the West. Moreover, monasticism of today still clings tenaciously to the teachings handed down by the Fathers, to its zeal for the sacred liturgy, and to the essential forms of ancient monastic life. All this surely paves the way for the Benedictine monks to this apostolate and the regaining of our lost brethren. That such a holy undertaking may be accomplished by means of the monks, We enjoin upon you, beloved Son, to send to all the abbots and monks of the Order a letter, inviting them to earnest prayer to God for unity as well as for their active cooperation by efficacious works. It were desirable that the abbots in common council designate for this purpose in each congregation of the Order, or at least in each country, one abbey, which, supported by the other monasteries, might devote its special attention and efforts to this noble enterprise. These abbeys should consist of a group of carefully selected monks who, because they are thoroughly conversant with the language, the history, the character, and the disposition, but especially with the theology and the literature of those races, are duly qualified to promote the work of unity. You will accomplish this the more readily if you send the most talented of your monks to Rome to the Oriental Institute and also bring it to pass both by the spoken and the printed word that in the West likewise the yearning for unity and the knowledge of the points of controversy between the Orient and ourselves be made known. Finally, beloved Son, we greatly desire that all the members of these abbeys manifest great charity and friendliness towards the Slavic emigrants from Russia, who dwell among us far from their home. If they wish to learn the Catholic faith or, having already returned to the unity of faith, desire to be admitted into the monastic life, receive them with brotherly hospitality, which you prize so highly, and teach them how they may become devout sons of the Church and, God willing, good monks. Therefore, beloved Son, spare no pains in carrying out with all earnestness this plan with which is linked a hope that is filled with promises for better-times. For, if God blesses this project, there will thus some day come into existence a monastic congregation of the Slavic rite, whose archabbey in this city (Rome), the capital of the Christian name, will embrace in the bonds of a common family monks both from the East and from the West. This monastery would then become the source and center of new monasteries which in due time would develop of themselves in Russia. Meanwhile we live in joyful hope and implore from God for you the help that you need. As a pledge and proof of Ourspecial benevolence We bestow upon you, beloved Son, and upon all the abbots and the members of the Order with Our whole heart the Apostolic Blessing.

Given at Rome from St. Peter's, the 21st of March, on the feast of St. Benedict, in the year 1924, the third of Our Pontificate.

POPE PIUS XI.

# The Beginnings of the St. Paul Indian Mission

That all beginnings are hard, has passed into a proverb. The truth of this saying has been proved also in the founding of St. Paul's Indian Mission at Marty, South Dakota. How the Mission came into being is thus briefly told in a circular letter sent out by Rev. Father Sylvester, O. S. B., the missionary who called into existence on the bare prairies a mission which holds forth great promises for the future.

On September 8th, 1918, I made my first trip to this. place. It was unusually chilly that day, and a crowd of ten Indians were gathered around a fire in the little unplastered room behind the chapel. They had waited there all the afternoon to see what the new Priest from Devil's Lake, N. D., looked like. "Koskalaka," one had said; "He is a young man." "Dakota iapi wayupika," added another; "And he talks Indian." I shook hands with my little flock, warmed up a little-for t'e 150-mile drive had chilled me-and then sat on the little army cot in the corner. "I'll bring your blanket tonight," said the Sioux Catechist. 'I've been using it myself, as it has been cold." The meeting lasted until two in the morning. At 11:30 I stepped into the little chapel (not plastered either), lighted a candle on the altar and stood there and prayed the rest of the day's Office. The meeting went on. "Father, we want a school for our children," a leader said. "We have worked hard and have nearly \$400 for it. Our children are growing up wild and spoiled. We are ashamed of them. In the country of the Rosebud, west of the River, the Sisters teach the Indian children. There they learn to read, write and pray. They are good and obey their parents. Will you help us get a school?" Their plea moved me deeply. These people of Strikes-the-Ree, who had asked in vain fifty years before for Blackrobe and Sisters' school, now plead again. I did not tell them, (Continued on page 419)



MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:-HAPPY NEW YEAR! is the glad greeting we give each other on New Year's morning. The old year has passed, and the new year is ahead. We are happy and we wish to make others happy and so we wish those we meet "A happy New Year." We sometimes wonder where the old year goes to. Here is a pretty little poem writen by Margaret Sangster which I am sure you will enjoy reading.

## Where do the Old Years go?

Pray, where do the old years go, Mamma, When their work is over and done? Does somebody tuck them away to sleep, Quite out of the sight of the sun?

Was there ever a year that made a mistake, And stayed when its time was o'er, Till it had to hurry its poor old feet, When the New Year knocked at the door?

I wish you a happy New Year, Mamma,-I am sure new things are nice,-And this one comes with a merry face, And plenty of snow and ice.

But I only wish I had kept awake Till the Old Year made his bow, For what he said when the clock struck twelve I shall never find out now.

Do you think he was tired and glad to rest? Do you think that he said good-bye, Or faded away alone in the dark, Without so much as a sigh?

#### Habits

Fold a piece of paper, and then open it. It folds easier the second time, does it not? At first the little child toddles, and before long learns to walk well. What one does over and over finally becomes easier for him. It is as easy to form good habits as to form bad ones, John Boyle O'Reilly writes thus of habits.

"How shall I a habit break?" As you did the habit make. As you gathered, you must lose; As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread the strands we twist Till they bind us neck and wrist; Thread by thread the patient hand Must entwine ere free we stand.

As we builded stone by stone, We must toil unhelped, alone, Till the wall is overthrown,

But remember, as we try Lighter every test goes by; Wading in the stream goes deep

Toward the current's downward sweep; Backward turn each step towards shore Shallower is than that before.

## Tobias, a Story in 5 Parts, for Children

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

#### 4. Tobias's Return

"Woe is me!" sobbed Toby's mother, "O my boy, where mayest thou be? Why did we to strangers' country Send our son?—our hope's in thee."

"Hold thy peace," the father answered,
"Why this weeping and this fuss?
That young man is very trusty,
He will bring him back to us."

As the sun one day was sinking, Cried the mother in her joy: "Yonder, in that dusty traveller I espy our darling boy."

As she spoke, with tail a-wagging Fido came and barked with glee, As though he would tell his master: "I bring Toby back to thee."

What a joy at that reunion Felt those parents! all their pain And their grief were gone, for comfort With their son returned again,

When his father's eyes were moistened With the gall, a tissue white Toby drew therefrom, restoring To his sire the gift of sight.

# The Holy Eucharist is Everything

In a modest residence of the city of L., in Belgium a woman lay dying. Beside her knelt her daughter praying. Suddenly the mother interrupted her.

"Annette, my child!"

"Yes, mother," answered the girl.

"Listen, my dear. I am going to die. The Holy Eucharist is everything. Remember that, remember it always."

After this she spoke no more. Annette was fifteen years of age. Her father, a wealthy jeweller, was a Protestant and very prejudiced. Lest the influence of the mother should draw the from the care of their mother as soon as they had passed the years of infancy. At the approaching death of his wife he had at length allowed her to see them. As they all withdrew from the room, Annette begged

As they an withdrew from the room, Annette begges to remain a little while with her mother. The father yielded to her entreaty, and she thus received her mother's dying message about the Holy Eucharist.

The young girl was impressed by the mysterious words, and longed to know their meaning. Years elapsed, however, before she was able to learn anything about them. Unusually gifted in mind and heart, she

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was her father's favorite and at his desire she went to complete her studies at Stuttgart, where she remained two years. Providence here brought her into contact with Catholics, and many of her prejudices were removed, but, strange as it may seem, she did not venture to ask an explanation of the unknown Eucharist, which her dying mother had told her to remember always.

After returning to Belgium, she became acquainted

with a Catholic family, and from them learned where she might find a priest. One day she resolved to go to see this priest. Wrapping herself in a long cloak she left the house, unknown to her father, who, she knew, would never give his consent to such a visit. When she reached the house of the clergyman she was

"Monsieur," she said, "I am a Protestant; but my mother, who was one of you, said to me in her last moments: 'My child, the Holy Eucharist is everything. Always remember it.' And I have come to you, sir, to learn what it is."

Simply and clearly he gave the explanation. He told how Our Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament in order to perpetuate His presence among us; and how He had given to priests power to change the bread into His body, and the wine into His blood. He showed her, and made her read aloud, in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, the words declaring this mystery. He told her that the Apostles believed it, and that from and taught as an article of faith.

"Yes," he said the E the primitive Church until our own day it has been held

"Yes," he said, the Eucharist is everything, because GOD IS THERE."

Accustomed to the presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, Catholics can hardly realize with what emotion this truth is received by one hearing it

"What!" exclaimed Annette, "Is it, then, true that God can be there,—hidden, but really present, and present, that He may give Himself to us?"

She paid more than one visit to the priest and soon became instructed in all the truths of the Catholic religion. When her father accidently learned of her determination to become a Catholic, he was very angry determination to become a canonic, he was and gave her the choice of remaining a Protestant, or and being disinherited. She of embracing the faith and being disinherited. chose the latter-for how could one who understood the treasures of the Eucharist, sacrifice them for any earthly fortune however great and leaving her father's house she went to a foreign country, where she supported herself as a governess.

Ten years passed. During all that time she wrote regularly to her father though she received no word in reply. Then she was stricken with an incurable disease, and when she knew that her last hour was near she sent for him. He came without delay.

What passed beside that second deathbed, between father and daughter, no one will ever know. It was too sacred to be revealed. This, however, we do know; Annette related to him the history of her conversion, the last words of her mother, the impression they made upon her; how she had been anxious to learn what was meant by the Eucharist; and how she could not do otherwise than enter the Church, after she had learned the meaning of the word,—the dignity of the Sacrament.

While she was speaking the poor old father was stirred by an emotion stronger than any he had ever known. He trembled, he wept, as a flood of light deseended upon his soul. He, too, wished to know the meaning of the word; he, too, would become a Catholic. Repeating the last words of her dying mother, the daughter declared to him, as that mother had done to her child: "The Holy Eucharist is everything."

After the death of his daughter, he went, as she had done, to the priest, and he left the latter's house saying as she had said, "The Blessed Sacrament is everything; I will remember it." When he received his first Holy Communion sometime afterward, he declared that as he turned from the Holy Table, he heard two voices-one, that of his wife, the other, that of his daughter, saying these self-same words.

The new convert soon brought the rest of his family into the fold. Today they sleep side by side—father, mother, and daughter. But they all rest beneath one monument, on the base of which is inscribed these words which caused the salvation of three souls:

#### THE HOLY EUCHARIST IS EVERYTHING

"I live for those who love me, For those who know me true, For the heavens that bend above me, And the good that I can do; For the cause that needs assistance, For the wrongs that lack resistance. For the future in the distance, And the good that I can do.'

## The Magical Muff

CICILY BURKE

The little grey squirrel sitting on the swaying bough away up in the top of the mighty birch tree was rebellious. He looked at his mother over in the next tree, and he looked straight ahead at the hole up near the roof of the new house-so new that it was as yet unfinished,-looking longingly at the hole.

"You can't trust human beings," his mother was

saying, warningly.

"But," answered the hungry squirrel-child, jerking his bushy tail about impatiently, "he isn't a human being—he's only a baby, not more than two years old and besides, he's always asleep."

"What about his father and mother," reminded the mother—"they aren't asleep."

"They're downstairs eating their supper," argued the precocious youngster. "The mother puts David in his funny bed, with the fence all around it, and then she gives him a lovely brown cracker to eat; but before she's hardly downstairs he falls asleep and the cracker falls down to the floor—and, Mother, it's an awfully good cracker," coaxed the adventurous one.

Just then his mother leaped across to another tree, scrambled down to the ground—and made off for the barnyard. "Now." he thought, and took a flying leap that landed him beside the baby's crib.

But the brown cracker wasn't there. Hastily he searched all about the floor, and then sat up on his haunches and sniffed greedily. It was up there—there was no doubt of it, but it took heaps of courage for a young squirrel to get so close to a human being, if he were only a baby. Finally, with a fast beating heart he ran right up into the crib.

David wasn't a bit afraid.

"Muff, Muff," he lisped, making a grab for the lively bit of fur. But Muff was afraid, and dashed out of reach up to the top of the "fence" that enclosed the bed, where he sat quite still eyeing the cracker hungri-

"David won't hurt," coaxed the baby, but Muff wouldn't venture down. David was determined to be friendly, so he got up on his feet with much tumbling about, and clutching a slat with one pink first to steady himself, he generously offered the cracker to his guest.

Muff thought of all the things his mother had told him, but the sweet, nutty, flavor of that cracker was too much for him. Nearer and nearer he crept, and cautiously taking the cracker in his sharp teeth, he backed up out of reach-then jumped to the floor, where he eagerly devoured his belated supper, all the while keeping a wary eye on David, who leaned far over the "fence" and watched the hungry squirrel, delighted.

The next night Muff came again-when his mother wasn't looking, and boldly he ran up into the crib to get the portion of cracker David had saved for him; then every night Muff came, and bedtime lost its terrors for David, for he loved his visitor very much.

Muff loved David, too, and the day came that gave him a chance to prove it,—the day that David fell off the swing and hurt nis poor back.
"He'll never walk again," Dr. Brown said.
Poor Father and Mother Carey!

And poor Muff! He went away off by himself where he could think.

"If David has to stay in bed all his days, I must do something for him," he told himself. "He laughed at that silly kitten. Surely I can do better than that clum-sy thing," and Muff proved it to himself out on the big sy thing," and Muff proved it to himself out on table rock where no one could see him practice.

And the speed that squirrel showed on his return! Up the birch he went like a streak-a quick leap, and he landed in the middle of the room, where he received

a terrible shock!

David's crib was gone! Cautiously Muff listened at the stairway. It took him a long time to get the courage to go down. He sat on the first step and frisked his tail about nervously, then crept down onetwo-three-and four-then a noise sent him scurrying back with pounding heart. Next time he made five steps before he heard anything. Crouched close to the wall he listened. It was only the window shade When he slapping in the breeze, and he went on. reached the bottom he peeped into the big kitchen. Not there. Then he crept into the other room. Ah, there was the crib-and Muff wanted to cry when he saw his poor hurt friend lying there all alone. Mother Carey had gone to put her chickens up for the night, and Father Carey was doing the chores around the barn, and the milking.

Muff went softly up into the crib, and was delighted to see how glad the boy was to have him. After he had lain there for a time cuddled in the little arms, Muff decided to perform. He jumped down to the floor, and choosing a spot that David could see without mov-

ing, he began:

First he turned somersaults, than cartwheels; then he took the tip of his bushy tail in his teeth and whirled like a top faster and faster; then he rolled up in a ball of fluff and bounced around the room, even up into the crib, resting for just a second in the outstretched hand, and—last, he did the cutest squirrel dance!

Father and Mother Carey coming in after finishing their work were alarmed when they heard David's laughter, and hurried to his bedside. When they saw laughter, and hurried to his bedside. When they saw this funny little live toy, they didn't know what to make of it at first, but they stood very quietly in the door watching. When the last act was finished, they laughed too, with their baby, thankful, very very thankful that he had such an amusing friend to help him while away the long hours.

And it was well for David that he had Muff, for when Father Carey went to the city to try to make enough money to have Dr. Kenny, the noted surgeon, come out to look at David's hurt back, Mother Carey had all the work to do. Her heart ached for her baby alone there in the house-alone with his pet squirrel, but she had to leave him, if they were ever going to get a lot of

money-and, without money, noted doctors didn't take much interest in hurt backs.

Muff did all he could to keep David amused, but the poor baby fretted, in spite of his pet's efforts. Some weeks passed before Muff's opportunity came:

One day Mother Carey was sitting beside her baby's bed, writing a letter, and Muff curled up in the bed in the sleeping baby's arms, was puzzling over the look in the writer's eyes. A knock came at the back door, and Mother Carey left her letter to answer the knock

Muff wasn't ill-bred, but he wanted to see what was causing that hurt look in Mother Carey's eyes. He jumped over onto the table, and ran all around the letter, peering at it from all sides; but he could make nothing of it, and was about to give up in despair when he heard Mother Carey say to her caller:

"If we only had the money now while Dr. Kenny is here on his fishing trip. I was just writing Daddy,

asking him to try to borrow...

Muff sat up on his hind feet thinking very hard. At last he knew-and with that letter in his teeth he raced out the open front door, never stopping till he reached Trout Creek, and then only long enough to make sure the fisherman did not have a gun. Down along the water's edge he scampered—then a quick dash—and right over the doctor's feet!

The doctor laughed aloud, and Muff dropped the let-

"You bold scamp," exclaimed the doctor. "Brought me a letter, did you-let's see what it is.'

Dr. Kenny was smiling when he reached for the letter, but when he finished reading he thoughtfully folded it and put it in his pocket, and fishing having lost its zest for the time being, he packed his equipment and went in search of someone in the village who could tell him about the little boy with a hurt back, "c/o St. A." he ruminated. "That means care of St. Anthony—well, Anthony Kenny, you're far from being a Saint, but this is your job!"

Muff was in hiding when the doctor called, but when he noted the reassuring light in the kind grey eyes he grew bolder, creeping closer until he was sitting on the highboy right at the great man's elbow.

"It will be a simple matter to fix that back," said Dr. Kenny, adding kindly—"and the boy that was claims the privilege of doing it for the boy that is ...

Then Muff went mad with joy. He flung his furry little body through somersault after somersault, and cartwheel after cartwheel until breathless, finishing up with a bounce onto the doctor's shoulder, and off into

"Bless my soul!" said the amazed doctor, "The little grey squirrel! Bless my soul!" turning to Mrs. Carey

for the explanation.

By the time David was well and running about again Muff's people had moved on to the forest where human beings with their awful guns never ventured; but Muff didn't go. He stayed with David, and although Fa-ther Carey finished the little house when he came back from the city, boarding up the hole through which Muff made his first entrance, Muff didn't care, for he was using the door instead—as a highly respected member of the Carey family should.

Why should a banker make a good janitor? Because he understands checks and drafts and could operate a furnace easily because of this knowledge.

Did you hear what happened to Mr. Smith's new roadster? No.

The squirrels ate all the nuts out of it, and it won't

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HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM JACK AND LUCY

#### Letter Box

(All communications for the "Children's Corner" should be sent to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebr.)

Writing letters to Santa Claus has probably kept many from writing to the "Corner." Christmas is past now and the new year is here. One of your resolutions surely was to write frequently to the "Corner." Don't forget that resolution and write a number of interesting letters.

Writing from 2120 Cleveland Ave., Louisville, Ky., Naomi Cahill says:

Dear Aunt Agnes:

This is the first letter I have ever written to the "Corner." I read "The Grail" every month, especially the "Children's Corner." I am ten years old and am in the fifth grade. I go to Sacred Heart School, which is at 17th and Broadway. I have one sister and three brothers. Please excuse my mistakes.

Florence Stastny writes from 1621 S. Keeler Ave., Chicago, Illinois:

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am a reader of "The Grail" and enjoy the "Children's Corner." I am asking you if I may join the Cornerites.-I have never read a letter from a child in Chicago, although I live there myself.... I am eleven years old and am in the seventh grade.- I will write often.-Please excuse my mistakes.

620 E. Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Dear Aunt Agnes and Cornerites:

As before, when writing my first letter, I am writing upon finding the letter box almost empty. Wake up, all ye old writers, as I have done.

How many Cornerites have ever been to Mammoth Cave? Oh surely the Kentuckians have! I had that wonderful experience last summer and I am prouder of Kentucky than ever. The Cave is not only beautiful but its greatness stuns one. In some places the roof is so high one must crane and twist the neck to see it.

The temperature at all times is fifty degrees.

"Fat Man's Misery" is correctly named. It is like a trench, having rock above, rock below, and rocks projecting from its narrow sides. One must bend the body one-half its size and walk mostly sideways in this weary position for about a block.

The pits are very deep. The guide let fall a torch so as to light up the bottom and it made me dizzy to look down into the depth.

Echo River is worth mentioning. We all got into little boats and took a ride on this weird river. The water is cold and the echo is wonderful.

Once, while we were resting, the guide put our lamps out and disappeared behind a cliff. Ow! it was dark. I'd sure hate to get lost in there. Then he gave us a remarkable imitation of dawn by flashing the light first on the roof and then by degrees spreading it over the cliffs. In one part of the Cave a substance forms on the ceiling in shapes of flowers.

Afterwards, when we came out, I felt as if I had seen the whole cave, although I had gone through only two routes. There are about six routes and new ones are being made. The guides for the second route were both colored men...

I hope that the Cornerites will all some day get a chance to visit this wonder. Anyway, Cornerites, write and tell anything interesting or funny.

With love,

Angel Child, (alias, Angela Rapp).

Catherine Murray, a niece and cousin, who lives at 194 First Ave., Woonsocket, R. I., is eleven years old and is in the seventh grade. She tells us that her home town is in the manufactory belt. "I live very near the 'Alice Mill,' which is a branch of the United States Rubber Co. This mill employs about 1,500 men and women. We have many other mills, both cotton and woollen mills." After naming a number of these mills. Catherine brings her letter to a close with the mills, Catherine brings her letter to a close with the wish that some of the Cornerites correspond with her.

Paulina M. Henkel, of 905 Chicago St., Mendota, Ill., writes that she was the author of the prize-winning letter, "My Favorite Famous Painting. Why?"

Marian McClaughry, of 8521 Loomis St., Chicago, writes that, although she likes sports, reading, etc., her favorite pastime is with music. She has written some short pieces, plays the piano and organ, and, in the absence of the organist, has played that instru-ment for Divine Service. It is one of her ambitions some day to be an organist in church.

"Judy, the Milwaukean," says that she has obtained a number of correspondents through the "Corner." She is sixteen, but, like many who are much older, is fond of the "Corner." Furthermore, she expresses the wish that all will help to make this department "a real and interesting 'Corner,' not only for the younger folks but for all," to which we add a hearty "Amen.

Mary Elizabeth Manning, whose address is 8th and Elheron Avenues, Price Hill, Cincinnati, O., is attend-ing the recently completed Elder "Hi," which is high on a hill 240 feet above, and overlooking, the beautiful Ohio River and the rugged hills of Kentucky just beyond. This splendidly equipped High School offers four courses. Mary E. is taking the general classic course. (Good for you.) She, too, is fond of THE GRAIL but confesses that she never had "nerve" enough to write before. She invites the cornerites to correspond with her.

Edna Clarkson, of 324 Morris St., Gloucester, N. J., twenty-one, asks admission to the "Corner," if she is not too old. (No, Edna, if you are still young at eighty, continue to write.) She would like some of the older cornerites to write her.

Catherine Murray, of 194 First Ave., Woonsocket, R. I., and Alfred Duffy, of 64 Whitney St., Rox., Mass., sent in correct solutions to puzzles that were in the "Corner." (The editor once lived at Woonsocket, too, but in South Dakota.)

Mary Concalves, of R. 1, Box 337, Rivera, Calif., writes again. Naturally she is interested in the "Corner" and likes the "Maid and Mother" department too.

She enclosed the following puzzles and conundrums:
What is it that goes all the time, yet never leaves its place?

How many words can you form out of the word constitution?

What other word can you make out of never, using every letter? What flower leaves its first syllable in the kitchen?

What flower by dropping its initial letter becomes suitor?

What flower suggests traveling across the United States?

What abbreviations of the names of states suggest (1) a young girl, (2) a number, (3) a crowd, (4) a father, (5) an instrument for writing, (6) to be sick, (7) to cut grass, (8) a pronoun of the first person, (9) the first boat that crossed the seas, (10) a vessel for preserving fruit, (11) a girl's name, (12) soiled linens, (13) minerals? (The editor pleads guilty to adding several to this list.)

This introduces Ruth Proebster, of 2107 Onderdonk Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been reading THE GRAIL for three years. Ruth is eleven; she is in Six A and her teacher's name is Sister Timothy. Father Hauptmann, the pastor of St. Aloysius Church, which she attends, was made Monsignor recently.

3316 So. Irving Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have written to tell you about my favorite book. It is the Grail, because it has so many nice stories and jokes and has nice poems about Our Lord and nice letters from children. As this is my first letter please excuse my mistakes.

I do not get many letters now and I would like somebody to write to me.

I would like to join the corner if you will let me .-This being my first letter I will stop.

Love to you and the rest of the "Cornerites." Your new niece, Anna Vrablic, Grade 7, 12 years old.

279 E. 146 St., New York City,

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have watched the Letter Box and the Puzzle Corner for some time. We have been getting the Grail for a number of years and now I have made up my mind to join your organization. I am 12 years old and in Grade 8a. I go to St. Rita's School and we are taught by the Dominican Sisters. My teacher's name is Sister M. John Dominic. My pastor's name is Rev. J. E. Bergan.—I have taken the Regions in Geography and Arithmetic and I am going to take History next, the subject that I do not like much.

I send a puzzle which I hope you can use. Best wishes to the Grail. I remain

A new friend, Rita T. Coffey. Riddle

Higher than the house Higher than the tree Oh, what ever can that be?

#### The Cheerful Mother

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child.

The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general, but when he enters the cozy sitting room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to the wounded spirit.

We are all wearied with combating the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large troubles, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast, and so one might go on with instances of the influences that a sweet-minded woman has in social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.—The Homeless Or-

#### Picture Puzzle



# "Exchange" Smiles

"Johnny, you're a bad boy. You broke mama's nice

red Christmas candle."
"I'se sorry, Mama," replied four-year-old Johnny,
"I guess we'll have to send it to the hospital an' get it

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Little Robert, who had been out walking with nurse, saw a blacksmith shoeing a horse. Upon his return,

"Mama, I saw the man who makes horses today."
"Are you sure you did?" asked Mama.
"Of course I am. He was just nailing on his hind feet."

#### Hills of Rest

(Continued from page 393)

ow had become monotonous to Danny before he heard the Colonel's footstep approaching his door from the little crossing at the creek.

"Well, Colonel?" Danny greeted him as he

stepped up into the room.

"Well, sir, I am sorry indeed to have kept you waiting so long. It is better, however, that you did not go up to the house. Mr. Armstrong is very angry with you. He begs me to keep you out of his sight."

"That will not cause me any suffering," re-

torted Danny.

"No, I am sure it will not, sir; and likewise, sir, I am glad it will not. And I believe that you are a young man of such sense and sentiment as to make allowance for Mr. Armstrong's feelings under the present circumstances. You must remember, whoever has done the wrong, it is Mr. Armstrong that is suffering the

"You are entirely right, Colonel," assented Danny, "and I beg your pardon for speaking so of your friend. I'll keep away from him until this nasty triangle is straightened out. When the truth is known, he will acknowledge he has no reason to be my enemy. But what does he say about selling the place?"

"I believe he would be glad to sell, now that his son is dead and his health broken; but only later on, not now. No power in this world could make him sign that deed tonight. Danny, my friend called me a damned scoundrel! He says I would have him sell the roof from over the head of his dead son."

Tears stood in the Colonel's eyes and coursed

freely down his cheeks as he told it.

"But we must make allowance, sir. And you must get off this place at once. Take my key and spend the night at my house. I must go back to Pat. Good night, and God bless you, son. I'll see you in the morning.

(To be continued)

# Annual Health Inventory

(Continued from page 409) have been removed and the trouble obviated, but by the time the condition is accidentally noted, it has made such progress that only patch work can be done and health may be permanently injured.

Great advances in medical science have been

made in recent years. Few laymen realize that the up-to-date physician is able to detect many incipient conditions which will cause severe injury to the human body if permitted to continue. The observing medical man is frequently having brought to his attention a group of conditions which seem to be made more apparent by the stress of modern life. These may be described as the disease of middle life. most important are diabetes. Bright's disease, organic heart lesions, hardening of the arteries (arterio-sclerosis), late manifestations of certain specific infections, cancer, and nervous and mental disorders.

In speaking of nervous and mental disorders, frankly insane cases are not considered, nor those dealing more particularly with infections of the nerves, but only those borderline cases belonging to neither class, such as hysteria, neurasthenia, neurosis and other mental disorders which, if permitted to progress, may ter-

minate in invalidism.

A large proportion of these cases are curable, that is, they may be restored to practically nor-

mal conditions if cared for early.

In conclusion, it may again be said that these diseases may in a large measure be checked or prevented if anticipated or discovered early and proper measures are taken. A number of large business concerns have endorsed the annual examination idea, and it has recently been adopted by the Pennsylvania Railroad. These big concerns have found that an annual inventory will greatly curtail the death and sickness rate of their employees. Most of them advise having the examination made on the employee's birthday, as this makes it easier to remember.

# The Beginnings of the St. Paul Indian Mission

(Continued from page 413)

but I said to myself: "This place is only a monthly mission. I have nine other missions far off in the country of the Crow Creek and Lower Brule tribes. Each month the round must be made-1500 miles in the little Ford. How can I open a school 150 miles from headquarters? We need more missionaries first. The field is too great. And money! Who would pay for the building and the cost of operation? These good, simple people have toiled long and have only \$400! A school would cost thousands!" I told my little flock to pray.

Many such meetings marked my monthly visits to this mission during the following three years. One day while the missionary was absent a council was held. A delegation of three Indians-Thunder Horse, Black Spotted Horse, and Yellow Bird-went to Indiana, 1000 miles, to the Benedictine Abbey of St. Meinrad (my own Alma Mater). They wanted a priest who would be with them constantly, for they felt sure that meant a school. People wondered, but they brought back a letter which directed me to be their resident pastor. Another priest would soon be sent for the other missions.

Then came pioneer days. No home—no cook—no money. It was hard to get gasoline for the Ford. And the school? There was no evading the issue. Anyone could see how badly it was needed. In God's name I went ahead. Relatives, friends and strangers in the East helped. Two old buildings, 7 miles away, were bought, wrecked, and hauled to Marty. The best of those materials now compose our class-room building. Kitchen and dining rooms were added. Sisters came from far-off Philadelphia. Debts—heavy ones—were made, and still remain. We need more friends, more benefactors who will help with their savings this pioneer work among the poor Red children of the Prairie. God grant that you may realize what your help means to us!

"According to thy ability," says the Scripture, "be merciful." And again, "If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little." Furthermore, "He that hath mercy on the poor lendeth to the Lord; and He will repay him."

## Abbey and Seminary

—Although the January number of THE GRAIL goes to press before the holiday vacation, there is a whiff of Christmas in the air. The boys, of course, have the time of departure for home reckoned down to the last second. All the available priests of the community have received appointments to assist in outside parishes.

—During the past month the weatherman evidently tried to please everyone by the variety of weathers he displayed. The day after Thanksgiving he sent us enough snow to whiten the ground. This he followed up with a coating of ice capable of sustaining a few skaters. Then, driving gray-bearded Boreas off to his quarters in the frigid North, his magic wand coaxed Auster (or was it Notus?) with a balmy breeze from out the tropics. This produced an April-weather effect with thunder and lightning and heavy rains, the first to vist us in a long time. For variety, a much lower temperature was next in order.

—On November 22nd Mr. Karl Brenner, a brother of our Father Henry, died at Chicago from a stroke of apoplexy. The body was taken to the family home at Louisville, where the funeral was held and burial took place.

—Brother Wendelin mourns the loss of his sister who died on November 24th in St. Scholastica Convent in Arkansas. She was known in religion as Sister M. Bernarda, O. S. B.

—Rev. Clifford J. King, S. V. D., of Sinyangchow, Honan, China, a young missionary who was ordained in China several years ago, gave an interesting and instructive lecture to the students on Nov. 23rd. As a young cleric at Techny, Illinois, Father King planted

the seed of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, which has now grown into a mighty tree. Nearly all the students of our Catholic high schools and universities are ardent crusaders. Father King is on a few months' leave of absence to collect funds for the Chinese missions.

-November 27th was Thanksgiving Day. At five o'clock Mass the Rt. Rev. Abbot conferred the tonsure on four clerics of the Abbey: Fr. John Thuis, Fr. Fintan Baltz, Fr. Damian Preske, and Fr. Victor Dux. all of whom received the four minor orders-that of ostiary and lector on the Sunday, exorcist and acolyte on the Monday following. After the Solemn Conventual High Mass on Thanksgiving Benediction was given. Everybody then repaired to the Music Hall to enjoy a musical treat. The orchestra entertained us with Brahm's Hungarian Dance No. 5; Saint-Saens' Le Cygne; G. Saenger's Fantasia-Star Spangled Banner; Braga's Angel's Serenade; Robert's Apple Blossoms-A Tone Poem; Loraine's Zallah-An Egyptian Intermezzo; Verdi's Anvil Chorus from Il Trovatore. The Abbey Quartet sang Newhall-Emerson's The Hunter's Call. The boys of the St. Gregory Chancel Choir delighted us with "Puss in Boots," a charming operetta in three scenes. The climax of the day's performance was, of course, the dinner with its traditional turkey, cranberries, pumpkin pie, and other trimmin's.

—On December 3rd, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the diocese, six novices made their triennial vows as Brothers Francis Xavier, Wolfgang, Chilian, Emmeram, Vitalis, and Felix. All are young men from Europe who felt within themselves the call to serve God in the new world under the banner of St. Benedict.

—Word has come from across the sea that our Fraters William and Gabriel had a safe and pleasant journey to Rome, the capital of Christendom, where they are now deep in their books. The former will take the major course in theology, a period of five years. The latter, despite his one year of philosophy here at the seminary, will pursue the major course in philosophy, which means three years more in the same branch. This will be followed by a course in theology. They have gone to the source of light to set their torches ablaze.

#### AMONG OUR ALUMNI

—Rev. Francis Smith, acting pastor of the Cathedral at Louisville since the death of Father Rock, has been appointed to the charge of Our Lady of the Hills, Finley, Ky., which has three missions attached. Father Felix Pitt, another alumnus, who was pastor at Finley, goes to the city as assistant at the Cathedral.

—On Thanksgiving Day Rev. Dr. George W. Schulmann, pastor of St. John's Church, Louisville, was invested by Bishop Floersh with the insignia of a Domestic Prelate. Father Dominic Barthel, O. S. B., a classmate of Monsignor Schulmann's, assisted at the solemn ceremonies.

-To the diocese of Fort Wayne Thanksgiving Day brought grief, for on that day the Rt. Rev. Ordinary h

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of the diocese, Bishop Herman J. Alerding, was seriously injured, when an automobile in which he was riding was struck and overturned by a street car. The five passengers of the vehicle were pinned to the ground. All were injured, but three were in a serious condition. The aged Bishop, who was in his 80th year, died a few days later. Bishop Alerding was ordained to the priesthood on September 22, 1868. Father Benon Gerber, O. S. B., is now the sole surviving member of the class of '68. Bishop Alerding passed the twenty-fourth anniversary of his episcopal consecration on November 30th.

-When the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis, returned on December 1st from his ad limina visit to Rome, he brought from the Holy Father distinctions for four of our alumni. Rev. Charles Curran, class of '81, pastor of Holy Trinity Church, New Albany, who is one of the diocesan consultors, was made a Domestic Prelate. The same honor, plus a Ph. D. came also to Rev. A. J. Rawlinson, class of '04, chaplain to the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary-ofthe-Woods. Two honors fell to the lot of our Seminary, the Alma Mater of the majority of the priests of this diocese and of many who are laboring in other dioceses. The Doctorate in Sacred Theology was bestowed upon Fathers Dominic Barthel and Albert Kleber. The former has been in charge of the St. Meinrad Preparatory Seminary for twenty-nine years, while the latter has been rector of the Theological Seminary during the past six years. Honor to whom honor is due. Heartiest congratulations to those who have been thus signally honored.

Rev. Charles Wagner, class of '90, who has been in poor health for many years, is critically ill at St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville. The last sacraments were administered to him on November 30th. Father Wagner is a brother of our Father Vincent Wagner, O. S. B.

-Rt. Rev. Emmanuel B. Ledvina, Bishop of Corpus Christi, class of '93, sailed from New York on December 10th to Europe for a much needed rest.

-Death has claimed another of our alumni in the person of Rev. Ignatius Kershevich, pastor of St. Vincent's Lithuanian Church at Springfield, Illinois, who answered the final summons on November 29th. Father Kershevich was a Lithuanian by birth. Coming to the United States with the priesthood in view, he worked in the coal mines so as to earn enough money to pay his way through college and seminary. When he had laid by a goodly sum, he came to St. Meinrad, in 1902, and, although somewhat advanced in years, took up the study of Latin with the other beginners. In 1911 he reached the coveted goal and on June 10th he was ordained for the diocese of Alton (now Springfeld). Those who knew "Enoch," as he was familiarly talled in his college days, will remember him as an earnest, zealous, hard-working student, pious, gentle, tender-hearted, kind. In the few years of his priesthood, Father Kershevich spent his energy for the good of his people.

# Book Notices

"Boyhood's Highest Ideal," by Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S., which is a companion volume to "Girlhood's Highest Ideal," by the same author, contains "helpful chapters for Catholic boys at the parting of the ways"—straightforward talks to boys on vocation to the priesthood. The subject matter, which is within the grasp of the ordinary boy, will, no doubt, be found useful in helping to determine vocations. Orders should be sent to the Salvatorian Fathers, Publishing Department, St. Nazianz, Wisconsin. Price 30¢; postage 3¢. 12 copies, 27¢ each; 25 copies, 25¢ each; 50 copies, 23¢ each; 100 copies, 21¢ each.

"The Mass Intention Calendar" is something new that has just been issued by John Winterich, 1865 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O., for the convenience of parish priests. This Mass Intention Calendar, which sells for \$1.00, is arranged according to the Ordo, giving the complete ecclesiastic calendar as well as all the "Pro Populo" Masses, with blanks for weddings, funerals, and other data.

"The Manna Almanac" for young people, published by the Salvatorian Fathers at St. Nazianz, Wis., is a very commendable booklet of 96 pages for Catholic young people. This annual contains short lives of the saints, stories, poems, vocation talks, poems, and other edifying and instructive matter. The price is 20¢; postage 3¢; 12 copies, 14¢ each.

"The Holy Name" is a dissertation that forms part of "Starward and Beyond," which was noticed in this column last month. This treatise, which is a pamphlet of 46 pages, will instruct and edify the general reader. Price 10¢. Send orders to St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Ill.

The Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society of Chicago, which has its headquarters at 163 West Washington Street, has issued in pamphlet form of 58 pages a review of service and of its Big Brother work. The Archdiocesan Union appears to be a very active organization. On Thanksgiving Day the Holy Name Society celebrates at Holy Name Cathedral a Memorial Mass for its deceased members. Every bit of available space in the great Cathedral is taken up by members who gather from all the parishes of the city.

"The Catholic's Manual," which has been specially prepared for the use of Catholics who wish to practice their religion understandingly, now appears in a revised edition, corrected according to the new Code of Canon Law. Diederich-Schaefer Co., Milwaukee, Wis., are the publishers. There are fifteen styles of binding that range in price from \$1.20 to \$5.00 per copy.

The revised edition of The Catholic's Manual, which bears the Imprimatur of the Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago and also that of the Archbishop of Milwaukee, is a complete manual of prayers and devotions, convenient in arrangement and form. Besides a judicious selection of ordinary prayers, the miscellaneous prayers and devotions for the sick add to the practical value of the manual. The various devotions are prefaced by brief and appropriate instructions, e. g., on meditation, on the hearing of Mass, on Benediction, confirmation, matrimony, etc. Sunday and Feast-day Epistles and Gospels and a good index conclude the neat book of 600 pages. While several points that pertain to the liturgy are not quite accurate, this does not detract from the value of the book as a practical manual for the use of the faithful.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

# Agnella and Johnette

THOSE were their names, and I might as well tell how they came by them before I go on with my story. It was very simple; their father was named John and their mother Agnes, and when the first-born arrived upon the scene, she was duly christened Agnes. Likewise, when Baby the II opened her surpised eyes in this funny world, she was named after Papa—not Johanna or Jennie, but Jeanette, in the French form. Of course, that was in the pre-flapper days, when ladies competed and vied with each other as to the length of their tresses.

By the time the two young ladies had grown up, however, the new regime was in full swing, and of course, their locks were clipped off without the least compunction. Likewise, all feminine names underwent a change—fantastic spelling and unusual endings and all that. So Agnes became Agnella and Jeanette, who was something of a patriot, declared she would have plain United States—no French trimmings, so she became Johnette. But withal, they were both wonderful girls, and the slight veneer of modernism made no change in their real natures, being convent-bred and well-disciplined.

It was a hard-frozen, scintillating evening in Christmas week when Agnella first met Montfort Sloane. The Merrick home had been full of company all the week—gay, carefree young folks for the most part, old boarding school friends of both girls. Evenings, they devised all sorts of amusements, and invited in their young men friends, perhaps for an informal dance, or candy pull, or apple and marshmallow roasting bee, and the old house rang with the laughter and banter of youth.

Thursday morning—the fourth after Christmas, it snowed, just as if it hadn't snowed three days previous and two days before that, but no doubt Jack Frost felt that it was up to him to keep things furbished up during holiday week, so as to repair any slight thaw that might have occurred during the bold, sunshiny midday. He had lots of trouble that way, Jack Frost did; Old Sol was always messing things up for him.

Well, on Thursday it snowed all day until four of the afternoon, and then it stopped, in deference, I suppose, to Jack, who decided to ride his steed, old North Wind for a couple of hours, so as to freeze things up good and tight for the night. The girls all hoped the moon

would be out that night, for they had decided to give a skating party down at the Lake, and what was more wonderful than moonlight on the snow? Of course, if Lady Moon was coy and persisted in muffling herself up in silvery scarfs, they were all prepared for that emergency too.

For Bob and Dick and Arch and Rolly had hauled up great bundles of brushwood with which to make bonfires, and they were to have hot tea and wafers in the intervals of skating, served by old Aunt Molla, who promised to come with all the necessary paraphernalia. The evening turned out perfect. Jack saw to it that every last vestige of vapor was blown off the sky, and its crystalline clearness was accentuated by the myriads of twinkling diamond points, which found an eager reflection in the diamondlike carpet far below.

They began to arrive; Rolly and Mabel and Edgar and Johnette in Rolly's flivver; six more in Archie's patriarchial sleigh, which had seen three generations of Ridenors; two in Dick's roadster, with Bob sitting on the "grub-box" behind. Then Agnella with Aunt Molla in the family car, the back seat piled with blankets, folding chairs and the tea things.

"What a wonderful evening!" enthused one and all. "Must have been made to order." The boys first made a fire for Aunt Molla to see and warm herself by, and then, one after the other, they were off. They were not the only ones on the Lake, which was a long, wide affair.

Here and there a solitary skater wound in and out of the merry couples, and wished themselves one of them. Some of the uninvited were known by sight to the Merrick girls, but there was one tall, graceful skater, whom no one, even the boys, knew, and he was unconsciously drawing a lot of attention by his fancy skating.

Figure eights and stars and pin wheels done like lightning on one foot, and breath-taking stunts done going backwards. Many of the couples stopped skating to watch him, but he didn't even seem to notice them, and would sail suddenly away to the far side of the pond, only to come back and repeat the performance, with ever new variations, at some unexpected moment.

"Wonder who he is," mused Johnette. "Doubtless one of the northern prize skaters," quickly replied her sister, who seldom wasted time speculating. "But how did he come down here?" persisted Sis. "How should I know that? Perhaps he's on a visit. But come, we've had enough of him; Aunt Molla is calling us. Ahoy,

everybody!" Calm, cool, efficient Agnella lightly dismissed the unknown and skated to shore with her partner, all unaware that he about whose identity she cared so little and wondered not at all, would soon loom up in her life in a wholly unexpected manner.

The merry crowd herded around the fire, drinking piping hot tea, nibbling dainty wafers and firing off jokes and broadsides at each other. "Let's have a song!" suggested somebody. So they sang-Christmas carols and jolly college songs and boarding school favorites. They ended with Adeste-the boys supplying the alto and bass, and soon had all the outsiders for audience. Even Mr. Fancy Skater paused in his starmaking and listened approvingly.

"Have a look!" whispered Mabel in Johnette's ear. "He's as handsome as a prince." "And as tall as Adonis!" Replied her companion. The songs over, the boys threw on more fuel and made a huge blaze before they were off again. Aunt Molla complained that it was getting too hot, so began moving things backward in her fat, awkward, good-natured way.

"Mind if I warm my hands a minute at your fire?" inquired the tall, handsome Adonis.

"Not at all; not at all; help yourself."

"Pretty chilly tonight," he added drily, spreading out his hands to the blaze.

"Rather," answered the old lady. "But you won't notice it here." Suddenly a piercing scream rent the

What's that?" cried Aunt Molla, af-"Gracious! frighted. But Adonis did not wait. Like the wind he was off.

"The sink hole!" cried Agnella to Bob, her partner. "Someone has fallen in! Oh, I forgot to warn them! Come, come, hurry" Agnella's voice trembled, feeling that the whole blame rested on her. Instantly everyone was racing toward that end of the lake.

"Back! Back!" yelled someone. "Do you want to break the whole business in?" So the crowd obeyed and backed. "Get a rope! Get a plank!" cried others. Silence, tense and anxious settled upon the watchers, while Montfort Sloane-Adonis the skater, lay flat upon the ice and drew himself cautiously toward the edge of the perilous hole. Gripping the two icy cold hands that clung to the edge, he slowly drew Edgar up until he lay prostrate out on the ice.

"Quick, get some blankets!" cried Agnella, at the edge of the crowd. Bob sped off on his skates, and returned in a moment with the whole pile Aunt Molla had brought along.

"Johnette!" gasped the half-frozen young man. "She left go and went down." Instantly Montfort had stripped off his heavy sweater, and in his white shirt plunged down into the hole.

Oh, he'll be drowned!" moaned the girls. "The sink hole is so treacherous! They'll both drown!" Agnella, the calm, cool, efficient, had grown stony-eyed; her teeth chattered and she kept moaning, "My sister! My sister!" Suddenly she dropped to her hands and knees and began crawling to the edge of the opening.

Anxious hands sought to draw her back, but she turned upon them like a tigress and then kept on, stopping at last to peer into the black, moon-circled water.

It seemed eternities until Sloane reappeared, with the limp form of Johnette over his shoulder, gasping and spluttering in the icy bath. Carefully, Agnella drew the unconscious girl out of his hands onto the ice, and then gave him her grip of steel with which to help himself out. Soon other hands were helping, the two unfortunate ones were bundled in the blankets and placed in the car, with Agnella at the wheel, white, heartstricken, but quite herself, as they dashed along the road and turned in at the gate of the Merrick residence.

Not until Johnette had recovered consciousness and lay warm and tired and smiling in her little white bed, did her sister think to leave her and inquire after her noble rescuer. She was told he had refused anything beyond a hot cup of coffee and her father's overcoat to go home in, and that he had left immediately upon hearing that Johnette was out of danger.

"But who is he? Doesn't anyone know? What is his name? I should at least like to thank him."

"He is the son of the new bank cashier in town; they've just moved down here. Sloane, I believe is his name," said her father.

Well, Agnella had not long to wait. Next day just before luncheon, someone rang the bell, and Mattie, the maid called her into the hall.

"I've come to return your father's coat," he said. with his pleasant smile. But Agnella's eyes were glued to his face; she did not make a move to take the coat. Just held out her hand and poured out her thanks.

"It was perfectly wonderful of you to do what you did last night, and words cannot express my gratitude to you! I think if my sister had remained under there, I would have jumped in myself."

"It was nothing for me; I used to do stunt bathing in midwinter at Atlantic City. I guess you've seen my pictures. But allow me to say that you are somewhat of a brick yourself." All this time he was noting her good points; her tall, queenly grace, her milky-white skin, the firm white hand that lay in his, and that expressed her character so well. A dawning light came into her eyes.

"So you are the Montfort Sloane who won all those athletic events last year, and the skater's prize up at Lake Placid, and saved the man from the shark at Bunker's Inlet?" It was Monfort's turn to be surprised.

"How did you know about that?"

"Oh, we had a cottage on the lake, and we heard all about you."

"Is that so? Yes, the sharks get in there every now The fellow was pretty nearly all in too when I reached him." They had moved into the living room, and Agnella motioned him to a chair.

"I saw one myself one day, but got in before he saw me. I used to be quite venturesome, but that taught me a lesson," she said.

"By the way, how is your sister?"

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"Oh, she is nearly recovered, but mother has insisted that she remain in bed for today, to forestall any ill effects."

"A wise idea." And so they talked and drew each other out, until he finally said.

"Didn't I see you at St. Benedict's Church last Sunday? Seems to me I'd seen you before."

"Of course you saw me there, and I'm so glad to know you belong. Do you know, I had you all placed in my mind as a great big Protestant?" He laughed and asked why.

"Because of your name, I suppose."

"Montfort? Have you never heard of Blessed de Montfort?"

"Oh, to be sure; I take it all back. I'd almost forgotten that a long time back Sister Eulalie told us about him in school. You see, it's so many years ago—"

"Surely not so very many—" This with a teasing smile.

"Oh yes, I'm quite an old maid."

"Some day I'm going to find out about that."

"I just double dare you!" And they laughed merrily. In a few moments more, he arose to go.

"Give my compliments to your sister, and tell her I hope she will be all well and sound and not take cold or anything."

"She has commissioned me to ask you to call again tomorow, if you will be so good, as she wishes to thank you personally."

"Thank you, I'll come—not for the old thanks—tell her not to dare say a word about it—but, to know you both better—if I may?"

"The pleasure will be ours if you do."

And so it happened that he came, not only next day, but also for the New Year's Eve Party, which the sisters gave as a closing festivity for their house guests. The house was beautifully decorated, and the hardwood-floored attic, which was used as a ballroom, all waxed and furbished and banked with roses and palms.

The guests arrived in force, glad to hurry into the fragrant, welcoming warmth, out of the snowy bluster of the last evening of the year. Secreted cowbells clinked in overcoat pockets as these useful garments were laid aside, as if unable to await the moment when they were joyously to give tongue, and various shaped and colored horns protruded likewise, silent for the moment, but full of promise and hilarious thrills. Montfort arrived swathed in a fur coat and cap, carrying a horn almost as tall as himself.

"Gracious, what is that? A factory whistle?" mischievously asked Johnette.

"No, it's a telescope, through which I'm going to watch the New Year come in." He was introduced to the guests and led upstairs, but all the while he kept glancing around in search of someone. At last, after being seated for some minutes up in the ballroom, she appeared, and advanced with outstretched hand.

"I'm certainly glad to see you here," she greeted him.

"But you could hardly be gladder than I am to be nere."

"I hope that's true."

He devoted his evening to showing Agnella how true it was, and it seemed, he could not bear her out of his sight for one moment.

"I know I'm an awful pest, but I just can't help asking you for every other dance. It's very selfish of me, but I think I'll just write my name down your whole program and be done with it."

"No you don't!" laughed his partner. "Remember, I am hostess, and you ought not to be wasting your time upon an old maid like me anyway." He put up his finger.

"Ah, now, I've threatened to find out about that, and I have. Someone gave away the secret. I see you and I are both old maids."

"You nervy person! Now who gave out this secret of state?"

"I wouldn't dare tell you, lest I cause the person trouble."

"Just for that, I am going to deputize you as punch dispenser!"

"Which kind-fistic or fluid?"

"Come with me and see."

"Oh, I am quite willing to dispense either kindwith you beside me."

"But I am not going to be beside you. I have to dance with that horrid sheriff's son, lest he set his father upon me with a writ of some kind."

"Let me know if you need any fistic punch."

All this time Johnette's dark eyes had been watching her sister and her rescuer, and though she was constantly surrounded by admirers and besieged by dancing partners, she could not seem to feel happy. She did so want a few words with Montfort, but aside from his first greeting and dance, he had not come near her. Of course, her sister was keeping him busy with various little odd jobs, which he seemed only too willing to perform, but matters did not suit her at all.

At twelve, the cowbells and horns had their inning, and then the party broke up, for everybody was going to Mass in the morning. As the last guests were leaving, she saw Montfort parting with her sister in the hall, and the look in his eyes made her so unhappy that she went upstairs at once and locked herself into her room.

And so the days went on, and by and by people began to couple Montfort's name with Agnella's, and her father and mother looked on approvingly, for there was no finer young man in all the countryside. Even Johnette concealed her real feelings, and offered to help her sister with her hope chest. While nothing definite had been said, yet every girl can tell when it is time to start filling up that useful article of furniture.

But Agnella could see that Johnette did not seem well; she was so pale, where before her cheeks bore natural roses, and there were dark rings under her eyes. She even spoke to her mother about it, and tobe

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gether the two carefully watched the younger girl, slightly anxious about her.

Then one day Montfort came over with a gift—a superb sepia portrait of himself. Agnella placed the opened folder upon the mantel shelf above the fireplace in the living room, intending to have it framed soon. A week or two later, having dressed to go downtown, she same down to take the measurements of the picture. The stairs were thickly padded, and she made no sound as she descended; crossing the hall, she came to the threshold of the living room—and stopped abruptly. What she saw there made her turn, first hot, and then cold, while a tingling sensation ran up to the roots of her hair, as she realized what it meant.

Johnette sat in an armchair with the photo in her lap, while she wept bitter tears over it. Like a shadow Agnella glided out of the door, the meaning of the scene pounding into her brain. Her little sister crying! Her little sister, whom she had tended as a tiny baby and always shielded from harm, now weeping with torn, desolate heart. Swiftly the elder sister walked to the car line, the tumultuous thoughts in her mind driving her on like a whip. Shall she, the strong, the self-sufficient, the scorner of self-pity, possess the precious jewel for which her little sister pined in vain? It was like eating candy before a child to whom it was forbidden. Straight and immovable as a statue, Agnella sat in the car seat, shaking and scourging and berating the obstinate thing within her which refused to give in.

But when at last her destination was reached, her mind was made up—irrevocably. Straight to the department store she walked, and up to the rest room where stood tables with telephones for the convenience of patrons. Lifting the receiver of one of them, she gave a number and waited.

"Hello—Arch? Yes—I'm downtown. Remember what you told me a couple of months ago? Well, I'm ready to give you your inning. Enough? Well, yes—just a little bit tired of him. Oh, anywhere will do. Dinner and a dance afterwards? That will be glorious. Seven o'clock? Very well; I'll be ready. Good-bye." She hung up, her face flushed. Good old Arch! He had waited so long! He would have his reward. She gave another number.

"Hello—Montfort? I—ah—I won't be able to keep that engagement with you tonight. I'm so sorry, but I'll tell you what; mind dropping over and cheering up Johnette a bit? She hasn't been well of late, and needs a good joker like you. I'll appreciate it so much. You will? Thank you, Montfort. Good-bye." Well, it was done; Agnella turned and sighed, but the next moment was her old self again. She must see what they had in chic new party frocks.

She selected a pale lavender crepe for herself, with long, queenly lines; then she spied a jaunty pink chiffon and satin, most fascinatingly caught up here and there with rosebuds, and purchased it at once for her sister. She would dress her hair herself, and make her irresistible.

It worked; at first, Montfort looked at her always with reproachful eyes, but she always veiled hers, and saw to it that Arch was somewhere near. Arch was really a good young fellow—no girl need fear to trust her happiness to him. And Johnette—had blossomed out into a wondrous flower; her health regained, she seemed walking on air, and her whole being radiated happiness. It was poor Agnella's only solace for what she had sacrificed. But how sweet was that sacrifice, despite its thorns! Not for worlds could she have been happy, knowing her darling sister was miserable.

Christmas came once again; the house was full of company; another New Year's party was in progress. The dancing was in full swing, and Agnella found that in renouncing one golden heart, she had but found another. Shortly before twelve, she met Johnette down in the hall on the second floor.

"Dearest, let me show you something; you are the first to know."

Then she displayed a wonderful solitaire upon her left hand. Johnette's eyes filled with happy tears as she threw her arms about her sister's neck and wished her fullness of joy.

"And now congratulate me too, Nella dear—what do you say? Let's make it a double wedding?" Agnella lifted her sister's hand and kissed her ring. It was the last parting.

"In June?" she asked brightly, dashing away her own tears.

"Oh yes, that will be wonderful! In June!"

# Queens Who Became Saints

St. Adelaide was the daughter of a king of Burgundy. At that time there was a war between that country and Provence in a dispute for the crown of Italy. After peace was made, one of the conditions of the treaty was, that Adelaide, then only two years of age, should marry Lothaire, son of Hugh of Provence. The marriage took place fourteen years later, when Adelaide was sixteen. Her father died, and her mother married Hugh. Various intrigues were under way; Berengarius claimed the crown of Italy for himself and forced Hugh to abdicate his throne in favor of Lothaire, husband of Adelaide. After this had been done, Berengarius was said to have poisoned Lothaire in order that he might marry Adelaide.

But she refused to have him, whereupon he threw her into prison. A priest named Martin rescued her through an underground passage and concealed her in the woods, where he supported her by the fish he caught. Later, she was helped by the Duke of Canossa, who took her to his castle. Meanwhile, the Italian nobles grew tired of the rule of Berengarius, and persuaded Otho to invade Italy. This he did and then married Adelaide. The people of Italy loved her so much that it was easy for Otho to conquer them. She was idolized by the German people as well while her husband lived. But after he died, her troubles began.

She suffered from the jealousy of her son's wife, and was blamed for being too charitable. At last, wearied of the strife, she left the court for the sake of peace and went to live at Pavia. For a time they were reconciled, and then again the same troubles broke out because her daughter-in-law was jealous of her popularity. But she bore all patiently, and after the daughter-in-law's death, she was called from her seclusion to be regent. Her rule was one of great wisdom, and she showed no revenge to those who had been so bitterly against her. Her court was said to be more like a religious house than a worldly palace.

Her last act was one of devotion. She left home to go to Burgundy to reconcile her nephew with his subjects, and on the way, died, being eighty-four years of age—a woman who had spent her best days serving God.

#### Winter Colds

Trivial complaints may frequently develop into serious diseases if neglected, or treated indifferently. The winter months are the most fruitful in the line of colds, and some people are inclined to pay but little attention to them, letting them run their course without any treatment. This is a dangerous thing to do, as it renders the patient more susceptible than before, lowering the natural resistance of the tissues against the invasion of germs.

Neglected colds have been known to develop in time into tuberculosis, and sore throat, running nose, and feverishness are oftentimes but the forerunners of more serious troubles. Especially is this true of children; it must be remembered that it is in the early days of an infectious disease that the contagion is carried to other children. It is in this way that school children often catch a disease.

Often children are allowed to go to school with heavy colds, or bad coughs; while it may not be injurious to the little patient to continue at school, yet, it is unfair to expose other children to this condition. Youngsters are not careful; they lean close to one another, cough without putting hand or handkerchief to the mouth, and perhaps exchange eatables that may be infected with the germs. It is wisest from all points of view, to keep the child at home a few days, until the worst of the cold has passed off.

In treating colds, perhaps the old-fashioned remedies of our grandmothers may be considered best, doctors' opinions to the contrary notwithstanding. Certain it is, that no one with a "tight chest" or heavy croup cold ever developed serious symptoms if they applied a flannel cloth dipped in hot lard and turpentine solution, put on as hot as can be borne. And in stubborn cases, the time-honored mustard plaster has saved many a life. No fear need be had as to its blistering, if cool lard or vaseline is rubbed on the chest immediately after application. This must be done every night before retiring until cough loosens, but usually, the lard and turpentine plaster will do the work.

At the same time, a good cough remedy should be taken, or the candy cough drops containing menthol. There are also salves on the market, with a basis of vaseline, containing menthol and oil of euclayptus, which are very useful for a cold, rubbed on the chest, throat, and even a small piece swallowed. Placed within the nostrils, it relieves difficult breathing.

# Making Lamp Shades

There is nothing that makes the house look so 'homey' and inviting as a pretty lamp with a warm-colored silk shade. The stained glass ones so much in vogue some time ago were pretty, but most of the colors ran to greens and ambers, and never lent to a room the soft tones that a silk shade of old rose, red, gold, or cerise does. While the glass shades were quite expensive, the silk ones, on the contrary, can be made very cheaply at home, if one is at all handy with the needle, and most women, fortunately, are.

True, the bought silk shades are a trifle expensive too, but, why not purchase the wire frame, a few yards of silk, fringe and gold braid, and have the pleasure of making one's own shade? In selecting the materials for one or more lamps for the same room, care must be taken not to 'mix' the colors, since there is a tendency in modern decorating to keep the basic color scheme of lamps identical in one room.

For a room where a great deal of reading is done, the gold or buff silks are good, since they throw out a clear reading light, which can be intensified by adding a lining of white or cream silk inside. For a sitting room, where one's friends are mostly received, the rose or cerise may be used, this color giving the room a delightfully warm, soft tone. Blue in the Copenhagen shade is beautiful too, although it tends to darken a room a great deal, unless the wall paper is exceptionally light. Of course, if there are several lamps, the dimness will be somewhat mitigated.

Chintz, cretonne, and bright figured crepe make excellent shades too, and these are prettiest in the bedroom, and may be made of the same material as the hangings, or closely matching them.

If one has a beautiful vase large enough to form the base of a lamp, he can fill this half full of shot, fit a lamp adapter into the mouth with plaster of paris, and make a shade for it, and the result will be something that would bring a most exorbitant price in the shops. The shot is needed to weight down the lamp, and the adapter may be purchased in the stores. This is a good way to use a vase which has been relegated to the back shelf of a cupboard as useless, and the small labor expended on it will more than repay its owner.

# Recipes

For those with a superfluity of eggs, here is one to make your mouth water: Blanch and chop a pound of almonds, add a pound of sugar, with spice and grated lemon peel to flavor. Add the yolks of 15 eggs, well beaten, sifted pastry flour to make a stiff batter, then

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fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in small tins

Here is an economical one-Eggless Gems: 1 cup flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup graham flour, 1/3 package dates, 11/2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter or other fat. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; add graham flour and chopped dates and mix thoroughly, then milk and butter. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. This makes 12 muffins.

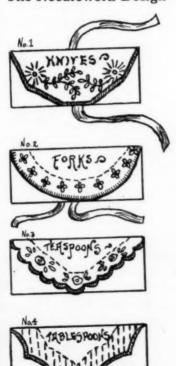
## Household Hints

Alcohol will remove grass stains; butter or canned milk rubbed on an ink spot and left to soak will remove

For quick relief from toothache, paint gums and cavity with iodine, or soak small piece of cotton in listerine, pure, and place in cavity, or hold hot water

The best beef is moderately fat and a bright red

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No. 2299—Dress that can be made with or without the cape back and long or short sleeves. Mohair, twill, flat crepes, bengaline and kasha are suitable materials. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bast measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 42-inch material with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2305—For Parties and Dances. Taffeta, silk crepes, georgette and satin could be used to make this becoming style of. Cut in sizes 16 years, 38, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch material. Hot-iron transfer pattern No. 702 (blue and yellow) costs 15¢ extra.

No. 1882—Becoming One-Piece Dress. The accompanying diagram will convince you how easy this dress is to make. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material. Plaid woolens, twill, bengaline and satin are suitable materials.

No. 2100—Attractive Daytime Style. You could make the top of this dress of a wool plaid and the band at bottom, bow and band on sleeve of satin or taffeta. It would also be attractive made of one material. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material with 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2302—Tailored Frock for Street.

This style would be attractive to the street of the street in the second of the street is the street of the street of

44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2% yards 36-inch material with 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2302—Tailored Frock for Street. This style would be attractive made of plaid kasha or flannel, a fine twill, reps, hairlined-worsted or bengaline. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 42-inch material with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2266—Jaunty Style, suitable for twill, reps, kasha, either plain or printed, a plaid woolen material or bengaline. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 42-inch material with ½ yd. 18-inch constrasting.

No. 2312—Non-Slipping Shoulder Straps. This apron is a comfortable one, for it is made with shoulder straps that will not slip at the least provocation. Cut in sizes 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2% yards 36-inch material.

No. 1929—One-Piece Dress. The diagram below the sketch will convince you how easily this dress is made. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2% yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 16-inch contrasting. Printed silks, satin, silk and cotton crepes are suitable materials for this style.

No. 1923—The diagram below the sketch show the scene places. style.

silka, satin, silk and cotton crepes are suitable materials for this style.

No. 1923—The diagram below the sketch show the major pleces of the pattern which is so very easy to make. A fine twill, kasha, serge, jersey, bengaline or wool crepe are suitable materials. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 caquires 3½ yards 40-inch material with ¾ yd. 24-inch contrasting. No. 2303—Slim Line Dress. You could make the attractive dress of kasha, bengaline, one of the new ribbed silks, heavy crepe or satin, using both the dull and the lustrous sides. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch material. Hot-iron transfer No. 730 (blue and yellow) costs 15¢ extra.

No. 2295—Practical Indoor Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 14-inch contrasting. Hot-iron transfer pattern No. 718 (blue and yellow) costs 15¢ extra.

No. 2184—Jaunty Style for Girls. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 19, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 36 or 40-inch material with 1½ yards 2-inch banding

No. 2188—Play Suit for Small Boyz. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires ¾ yard 36-inch material for trousers and 1 yard 36-inch material for waist.

No. 1797—One-Piece Dress for Girls. The accompanying diagram is a reduced likeness of the pattern which cuts in one-piece. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8 year size requires 1½ yards 36-inch material with ½ yards 36-inch contrasting for cuffs.



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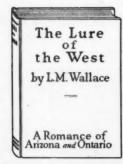
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